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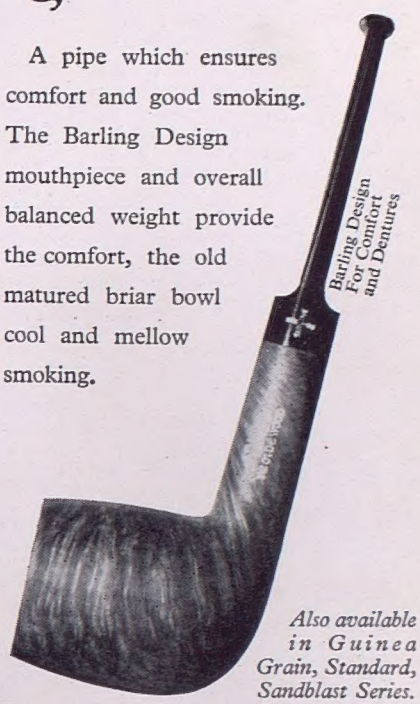

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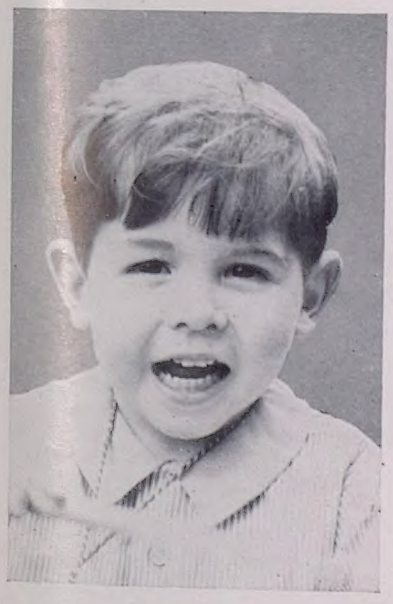

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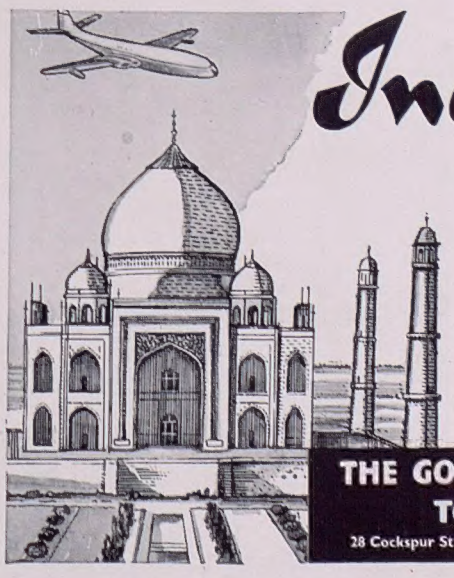

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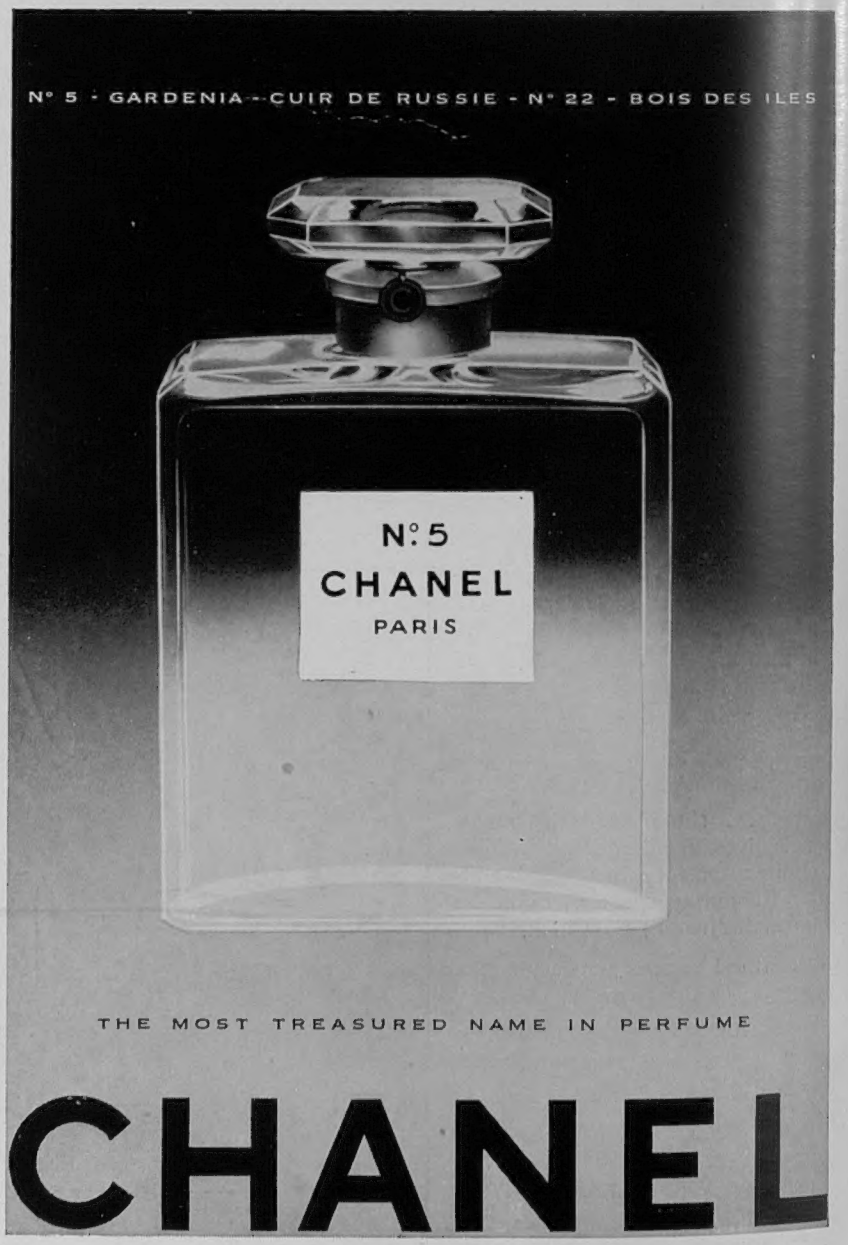

Volume CCXXXV No. 3058

The SPHERE, London, November 8, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE CORONATION OF THE POPE—HIS HOLINESS JOHN XXIII DURING THE SERVICE IN ST. PETER'S, ROME : He is leaning forward to read from the missal. On left is the bearded Cardinal Tisserant, the Dean of the Sacred College. At the end of the four-hour ceremonial in the Basilica, which was attended by official representatives from many parts of the world, the Pope appeared on a balcony outside St. Peter's and was crowned with the Tiara to the plaudits of a huge crowd in the square below.

The Coronation of Pope John XXIII in Rome last Tuesday (November 4) followed the traditional form in which pomp and splendour combined with acts of humility. After His Holiness had been greeted at the Portico of St. Peter's, a long and magnificent procession preceded him into the Basilica. In its ranks, in their various uniforms and robes, were the Papal Gendarmeria, the Chamberlains, monks, secular priests, monsignori, and bishops and archbishops. Behind the College of Cardinals and heralds and mace-bearers guarding the Triple Tiara, the Pope was carried on his *sedia gestatoria*. As the choir intoned the chant *Tu es Petrus*, the Pontiff ascended the throne to listen to a brief address from the Cardinal Archpriest of the Basilica. A silent act of adoration before the Sacrament in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity followed and then came the symbolic burning of waxed hemp and the cries of *Sic transit Gloria Mundi*. For the Pontifical High Mass in the chapel of St. Gregory the Great, John XXIII was robed in vestments and the mitre placed on his head. At the conclusion of the celebration he proceeded to the balcony above the great door of St. Peter's and there was crowned in the presence of an estimated quarter of a million people. (Further pictures of Pope John XXIII are on pages 207, 217-219, 230-231.)

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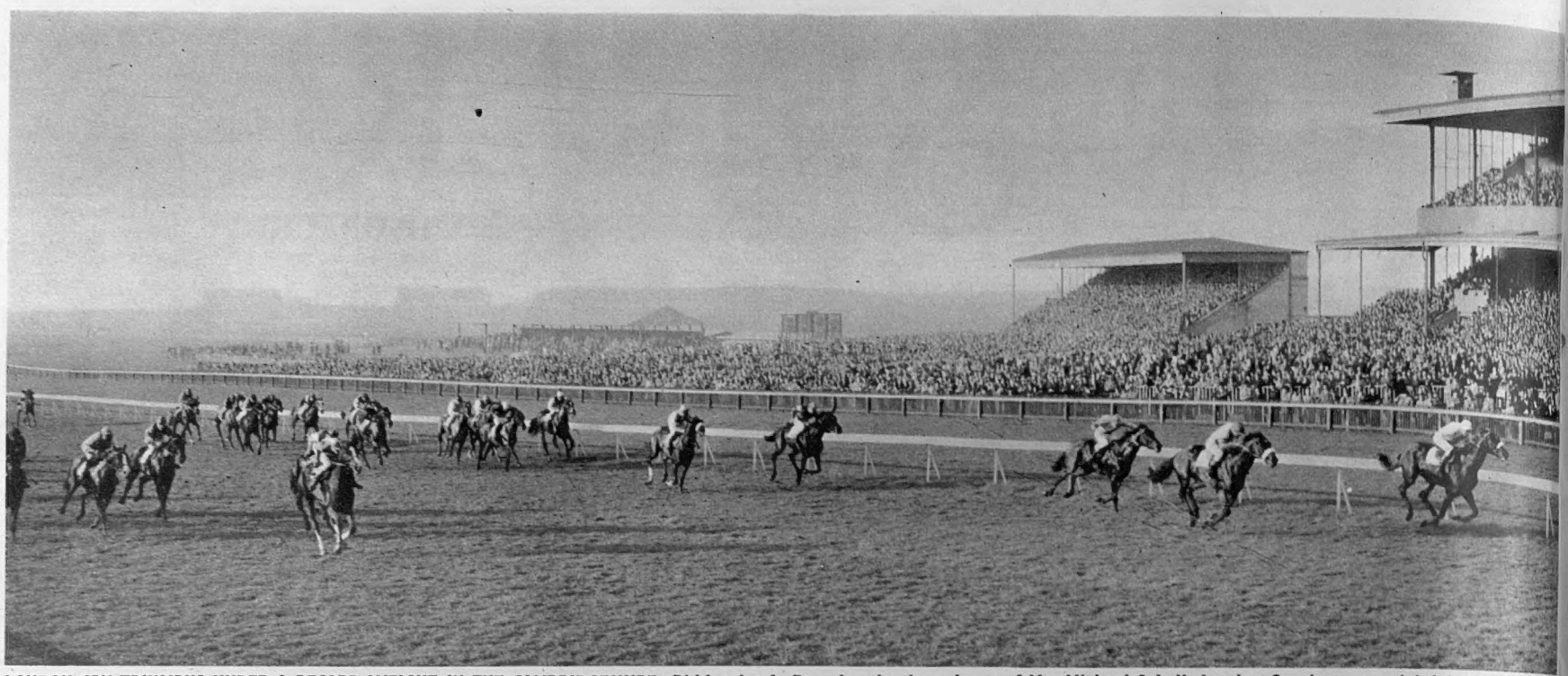


LONDON CRY TRIUMPHS UNDER A RECORD WEIGHT IN THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE: Ridden by A. Breasley, in the colours of Mr. Michael Sobell, London Cry (extreme right) is followed home by Falls of Shin, ridden by W. H. Carr, and Aggressor, with J. Lindley up. On perfect going, London Cry won this famous handicap at Newmarket by half a length, carrying 9 st. 5 lb., a pound more than any other horse to win this race. The winner was trained by Sir Gordon Richards and was his first success as a trainer in the Cambridgeshire.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The New Session.—The televising of the Opening of Parliament was successful. It drew back the curtain on a ceremony and pageantry that has always been hidden from the eyes of the general public, who have relied on word-pictures. The opportunity to see the pomps and splendours of this ancient tradition was an opportunity to understand the true function of the Monarchy. The Sovereign is above party, " reigns but does not govern," but still, as of old, is the pendulum of the clock of State. All the business of government (the " hands of the clock ") can work only if the pendulum swings. Nowadays, no doubt, an occasional voice is raised to question the " utility " of a show which blocks London traffic on a busy day and limelights a fancy dress party for 2,000 privileged in an egalitarian democracy of 50,000,000; a show in which the House of Commons is allotted a very humble walking-on part. But most of us love a pageant and take pride in tradition and swallow the illogicalities which are largely social and not as yet constitutional. After the pageant, the two Houses get quickly down to brass tacks, discussing, upholding or criticising the " Speech " or prospectus for the new session, put into the Queen's hands to announce. It is the work of her Ministers of the day. A conventional " politeness " usually tempers criticism for the first two days of the debate, as though the Sovereign's presence still gentled and dignified Parliament.

The Gloves Come Off.—Thereafter, the gloves are off, and since much of the legislative programme entails the spending of more and more public money, the Government will have to meet sharp criticism even from those who regard some of the schemes as adequately " good Socialism," and have never been reluctant to spend public money. Among Government supporters, too, there will be watchdogs who will need to be assured that in the last years the Government has done more than a " token " cut of unnecessary spending and that its new programme of social-welfare advance can be paid for out of increased production and not out of increased taxation. Oddly enough, departmental retrenchment figures in millions can never reveal economies. It is more a matter of percentages supplied from the relevant Government departments and derived from the elusive and volatile trends of production above and below the counter. Perhaps that is why no recent Government has ever satisfied the public that it has cut expenditure. Mr. Macmillan will realise how important it is that it must not only be done but *be seen* to be done.

Black or White, or Compromise?—An event so important to a large section of civilisation as the election of a new Pope is not a subject for levity, but it is fair to say that a comedy of errors resulted over the traditional signal announcing success or failure of the first secret ballots. The stove in the Sistine Chapel belched the black smoke of failure, but the modern publicity of floodlighting gave it the appearance of white and the news was flashed over the world " We have a Pope." After twelve attempts the choice was made. The Conclave came to terms on Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, rising seventy-seven years old. I recently commented on the average age of the Cardinals. The new Pontiff, to be known as Pope John XXIII, so far as his age is considered, might be held to be a " caretaker " for a younger man, such as Archbishop Montini, of Milan. But the new Pope has a fine record as a diplomat and a conciliator between the Eastern and Western Churches, as a scholar and administrator. His title, John XXIII, was adopted nearly six centuries ago by one of three rival Popes, now reckoned an anti-pope. The new Pope will surely redeem the name.

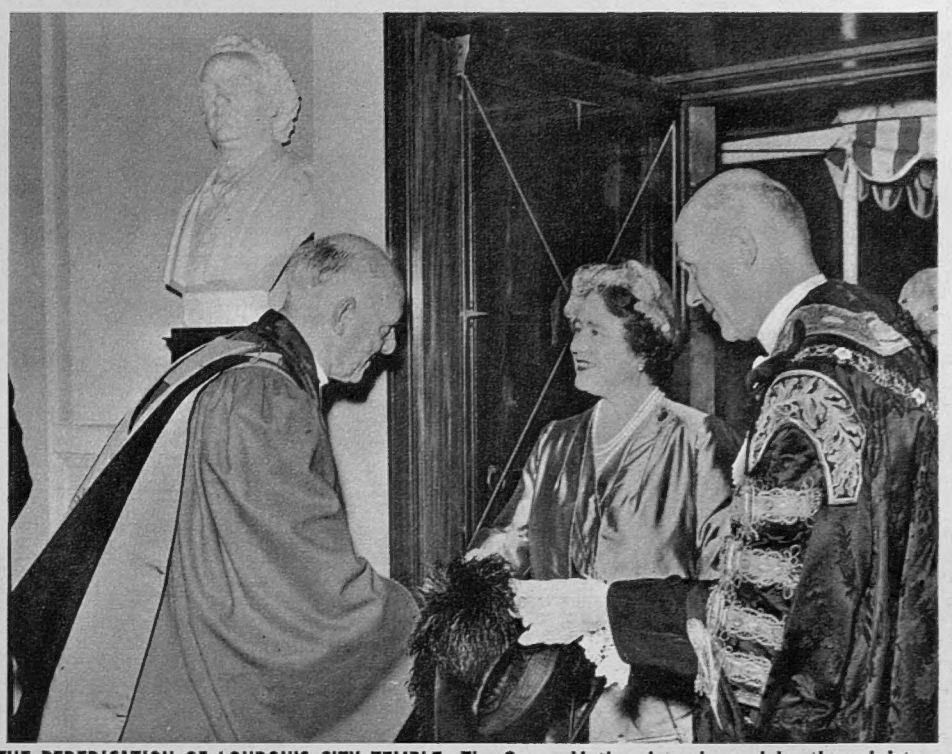
De Gaulle.—It is barely five months since General de Gaulle abandoned his " Sabine farm " to save the Republic. In those few, hectic months he has worked as few men have worked, to implement his promises and achieve his goals, stage by stage. Five months ago those promises seemed wild to recklessness, his self-confidence based on shifting sands. First, he was to restore pride, hope and authority of government in Metropolitan France, to lay the foundations of a new constitution on the ruins of the Fourth Republic, to restore stability and revive the influence of his country in international politics. Second, he had to tackle the Algerian crisis which brought him to power and that problem could not be deferred or left to simmer while the first was tackled. He began to deal simultaneously with two fearful issues, a single stage in either of which seemed to require a year at least before progress could be shown. What he has achieved with both in five months seems so miraculous as to justify the belief that a great European leader has suddenly emerged to take the strain in the international tug-of-war, from a least-expected quarter. This miracle upsets the character-reading of de Gaulle made by some of our shrewdest appraisers during the Second World War, and, to me at least, clearly proves that in those long, enigmatical years of dumbness, de Gaulle had thought out and settled every detail of every stage in the rehabilitation of France, if ever the time came for him to try his hand. If that is not an argument for the need to assure to the heads of State periods for reflection, longer and quieter than odd half-hours in aeroplanes, as they buzz across the earth's face, then there is nothing in the theory that statesmanship and government were easier in days when policy was thought out in Whig country houses.

NATO's Weaknesses.—General Montgomery has not yet retired to the contemplative sunset of his days. His book must keep him busy enough with controversy for some time to come, and he found time to sow some more dragon's teeth last week when he lectured on NATO before the R.U.S. Institution. He made his opinion plain that NATO has never yet in ten years been an " alliance." It is a muddle and a series of muddles. National interests prevent unity of purpose; the military (now semi-political) direction resides 3,000 miles away from Paris where the NATO organisation has grown immensely complicated, absurdly expensive and powerless to make quick or unanimous decisions. SHAPE should come to Paris, and the vital " Commands " should be reorganised. The U.S. should be responsible for the Atlantic seas surrounding NATO Europe and for the Pacific and China Seas; France should provide the Supreme Commander of NATO Europe, with sub-commands, as appropriate, for Britain, America and France. The British Commonwealth should be supreme in South-East Asia, Australasia, the Indian Ocean and " East of Suez." For the rest, in assessing the causes of the West's loss of the peace, he laid chief blame on America's vacillating foreign policy. If the U.S. had not sabotaged the Suez venture and had come earlier into the Bagdad Pact, the Middle East would be a healthier place than it is to-day. Yet despite all these criticisms of NATO and of America, he believes that NATO's achievements have prevented another war, and that still America is the key to the door of a more secure and lasting peace. Socialist concentration on the Welfare State between 1945 and 1951 came too soon in point of time and resources.

A U.S. AIRMAN'S AWARD: At Chelsea Town Hall during the Prize-Giving Day of the College of Aeronautical and Automobile Engineering, Group Captain Bader (right) speaks to Mr. Rudzki, nominated the outstanding student.

THE DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST: Last week Dame Rose Macaulay, the novelist and essayist, died at her London home. She was seventy-seven. This picture of her was taken in 1950.

THE ETON COLLEGE STEEPLECHASE: Two of the competitors negotiate the water-jump. There were more than 400 competitors in the race, the senior part of which was won by T. G. Lyttelton, who is the son of the Hon. R. Lyttelton.



THE REDEDICATION OF LONDON'S CITY TEMPLE: The Queen Mother is welcomed by the minister, Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, as she arrives to attend the rededication service. On right is the Lord Mayor. Also present at the service were the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's.

The time and energy of our statesmen had been better spent at that vital time in assuring the defences of democracy against Communist domination rather than in building one ideal Welfare State on an active volcano. I think that Monty is still a bonny fighter reluctant to lay aside the gloves.

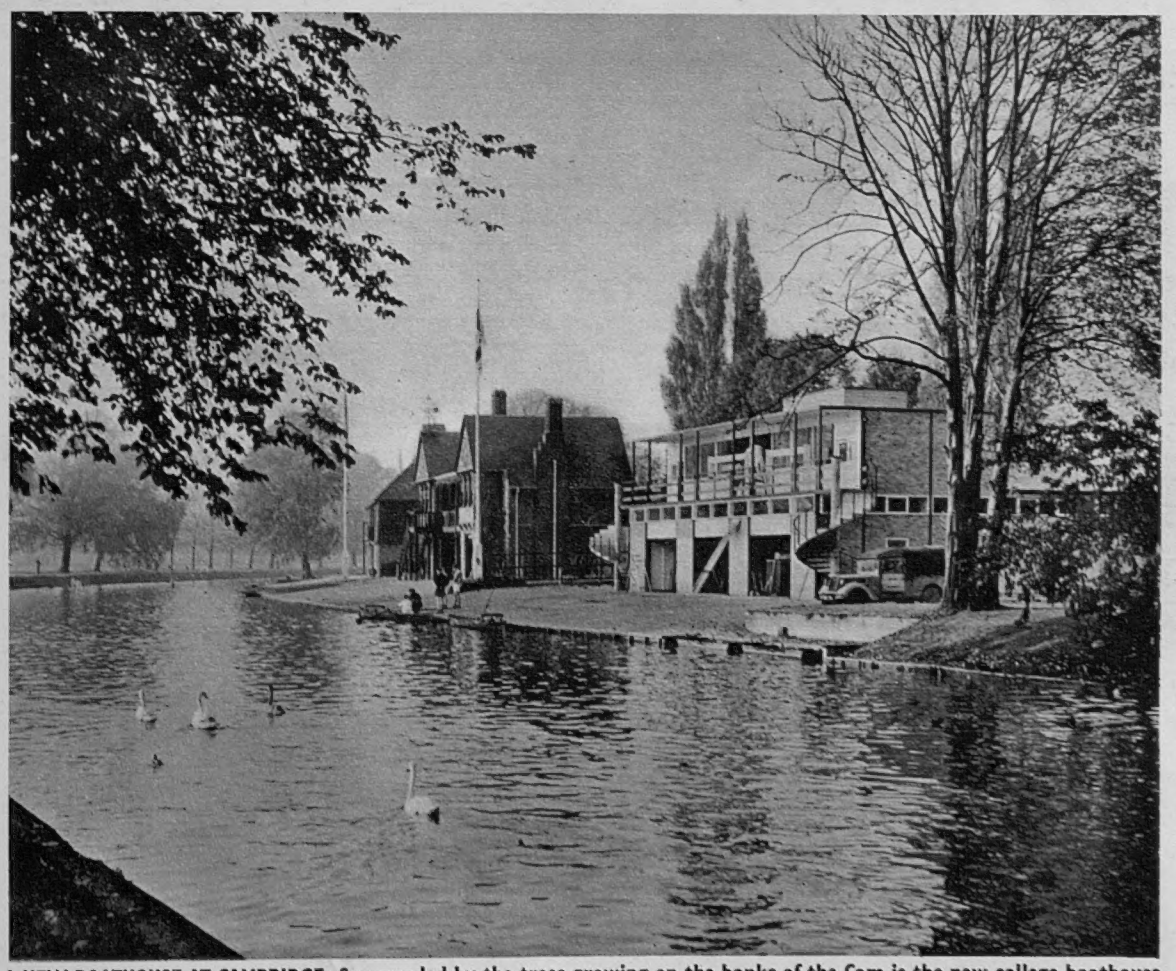
Recruiting the Ministry.—The Premier has released his expected changes in Junior Ministerial appointments. No new post is created, one vacant post refilled, and three substitutes supplied, with switches, for Lord Mancroft, Lord Strathclyde and Sir Gerald Wills, who have resigned. The new men are all young and two of them lords. Lord Forbes has only just left his thirties. I am glad to see Lord Lansdowne following the family tradition into the Foreign Office. Lord Dundee is an old hand, under various names. Mr. Rodgers, fifty-two, is a new name; he has had experience of the working of three departments under Sir David Eccles and he sits for Sevenoaks. Mr. Erroll has been backed for promotion. If the present Government were tottering to its fall, the Queen's Government would still need to be carried on and vacant posts punctually refilled. That is very far from the case; it is dominating the ring; and the new appointments all suggest that it is looking ahead and sees no possible reason for years to come to regard Tory Government or the House of Lords as museum pieces. Mr. Macmillan's appointments have always courageously maintained the Disraelian touch.

Windscale Piles.—The A.E.A. announced last week the decision to scrap Pile No. 2 at Windscale. No. 1 had been written off after last year's accident. These two atomic piles cost £7,500,000 to build and presumably a good deal to run during their average life of six-and-a-half years. Henceforth plutonium will be produced in adequate quantity from the Calder Hall reactors and the new Chapel Cross units. The decision involves no redundancy; the "fuel" will be re-processed, buildings and material put to other uses. The pile-workers will be drafted into the chemical processing plant at Windscale, whose work is increasing, and into other lines. These piles, it seems, have short lives in any event, and those at Windscale were pioneers in experiment. We are told not to suspect that we have to write off so many millions on an expensive failure. We must merely accept it that perfecting atomic energy for peaceful purposes is expensive, but not nearly so expensive as for purposes of defence; and that, compared with the relative expense of social services, it is a cheap enough capital investment for the benefit of posterity. The difficulty many old men find is to add a nought, without a heart flutter, to expenditures which seemed gigantic to them in Edwardian days, so as to relate and compare them with expenditure in terms of our money. Budget national expenditure in 1900 was £143,000,000. To-day it is over £5,000,000,000.

Eggolomania ?—Despite the fact that my hens —some now genuine antiques—have laid 30 per cent. more eggs this year than in any previous year for a quarter-century, I shared the depression caused in some breasts by a photograph of the new building that is to house the Egg Marketing Board. I should call my depression "that Laocoon feeling," the claustrophobia which attacks a man in the toils of an octopus or the coils of a monster snake. As the Board does not market my eggs, I honestly confess I am very ignorant of what it does. I dare say no egg will ever be seen, tested or stored in any of the uncountable rooms in its half-dozen immense storeys. There must be space for tons on tons of filed papers, instructions, statistics, directives and correspondence; there are no doubt tea-making rooms, restaurants and lavatories tastefully decorated for the staff, and wonderful air-conditioning. How big that staff is, I have no idea at all. Perhaps some of the storeys will be filled with eggs, constantly being packed and replaced. All of which proves how foolish and unfair it is to criticise what one does not understand. Yet in my ignorance, one unhappy suspicion clings:—No Government—whatever promises it may make—has any more power to cut the tentacles of the octopus than had Laocoon and his family. The Parkinson's Law is absolute. The bureaucratic or semi-bureaucratic juggernaut is above party and above Government control. Whoever economises, it will never be bureaucracy, which goes from strength to strength. I believe there are critics who even dare to question whether the egg is better distributed than before the Board was set up. Which comes first, the egg or the chicken ? Some chicken ! But why build its hutch in the very heart of London's traffic problem ?

Spain's Uphill Road.—General Franco, in a recent address from the Prado Palace, promised that everything possible should be done to remove the just grievances of millions of the poorer classes and to improve their standards of living both in rural and urban areas. He admitted that many thousands in rural areas in Southern and North-Western Spain were still trying to subsist on an income of under £50 a year! How, he asked, can homes exist on such small incomes ? Answer came there none. In the cities wages were higher, but so, too, was the cost of living still outstripping any rises. Those facts may seem to us incredible, but clearly enough bring home to us the problem of satisfying those public and private organisations concerned with social welfare and services in their present primitive stages in Spain. Oddly enough, many of us have some acquaintance with Spaniards from these areas in Spain who make such dependable, cheerful and particularly honest servants, and save up their wages so devotedly, so as to be able to return to Spain in three or four years as members of the moneyed class. But I think we have not quite appreciated their lowest levels of income. The thought occurs to me whether the cheerfulness, morality and innate honesty of the Northern Spaniards of the peasant class whom I have come to know and admire, owes anything to *res augustae*. It is odd to reflect how "civilisation" has long looked down its nose at Spain, where the older, once-prized virtues seem to flourish and endure exportation. We do not always see such virtues flourish so generally in countries, like ours, where minimum incomes are as much as, or more than, ten times greater than in Spain.

THE OLD STAGER



A NEW BOATHOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE: Surrounded by the trees growing on the banks of the Cam is the new college boathouse for Sidney Sussex and Corpus Christi. Opened last Saturday, it is the first new boathouse at Cambridge for twenty-five years. Behind it are the boathouses of other colleges. The building, designed by Mr. David Roberts, cost £14,000.

ON THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON

Entrants in the Annual Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton Drive in Heavy Rain

In heavy rain, which swept the route from London to Brighton, 184 cars of the 193 which started from Hyde Park crossed the finishing line of the R.A.C. annual Veteran Car Run to Brighton. This is not a race, but a rally commemorating the emancipation of cars in 1896 from the law which demanded that every car be preceded by a man on foot. There is a maximum speed limit of 20 m.p.h. The first four cars to finish this year were disqualified under this rule and the first to finish officially was a 1901 Mors, driven by Mr. S. E. Sears. Conditions were as bad as any experienced during the long series of races. Many of the veteran cars are completely open to the weather. All cars which reached Brighton within a specified time limit received a commemorative plaque from the R.A.C., the only prizes awarded.

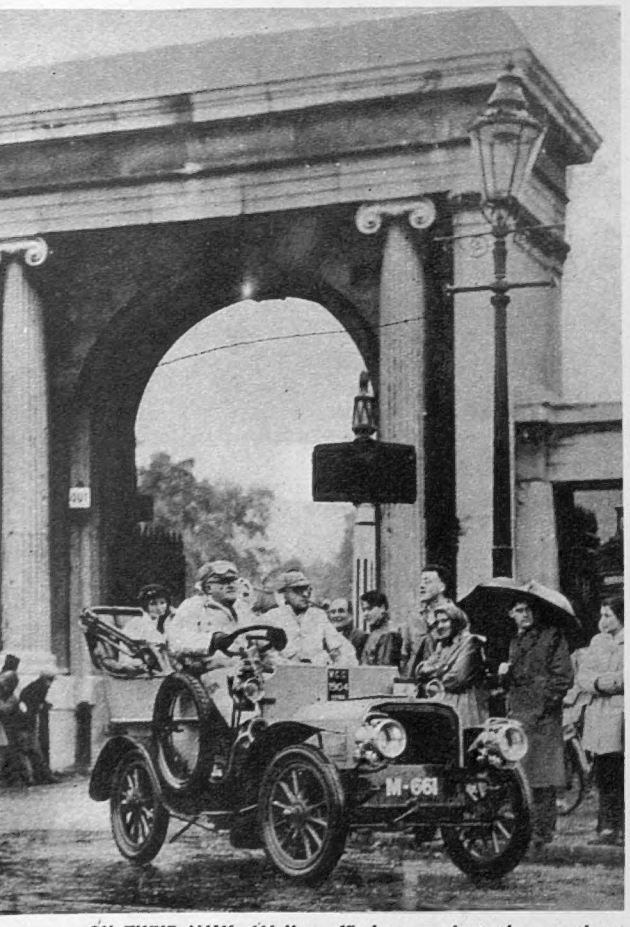
The oldest car in the race, the 1888 Roger-Benz, entered by the Kensington Science Museum, and driven by Mr. C. F. Caunter, started from the Serpentine Road in Hyde Park at 7 a.m. Because of its great age and slow maximum speed, it was allowed to start half an hour before the other entrants. It reached Brighton in 7¾ hours. Last year this car was forced to retire when it struck a modern car in Purley.

LEAVING LONDON FOR BRIGHTON: A 9 h.p. Georges Richard, built in 1900, is driven along Purley Way, Croydon, during the Veteran Car Run last Sunday.

STARTING AT HYDE PARK: Sheltered by the passenger's umbrella, Mr. A. T. Scott drives his 1904 Minerva away from the starting-point of the Royal Automobile Club's annual London to Brighton Run.

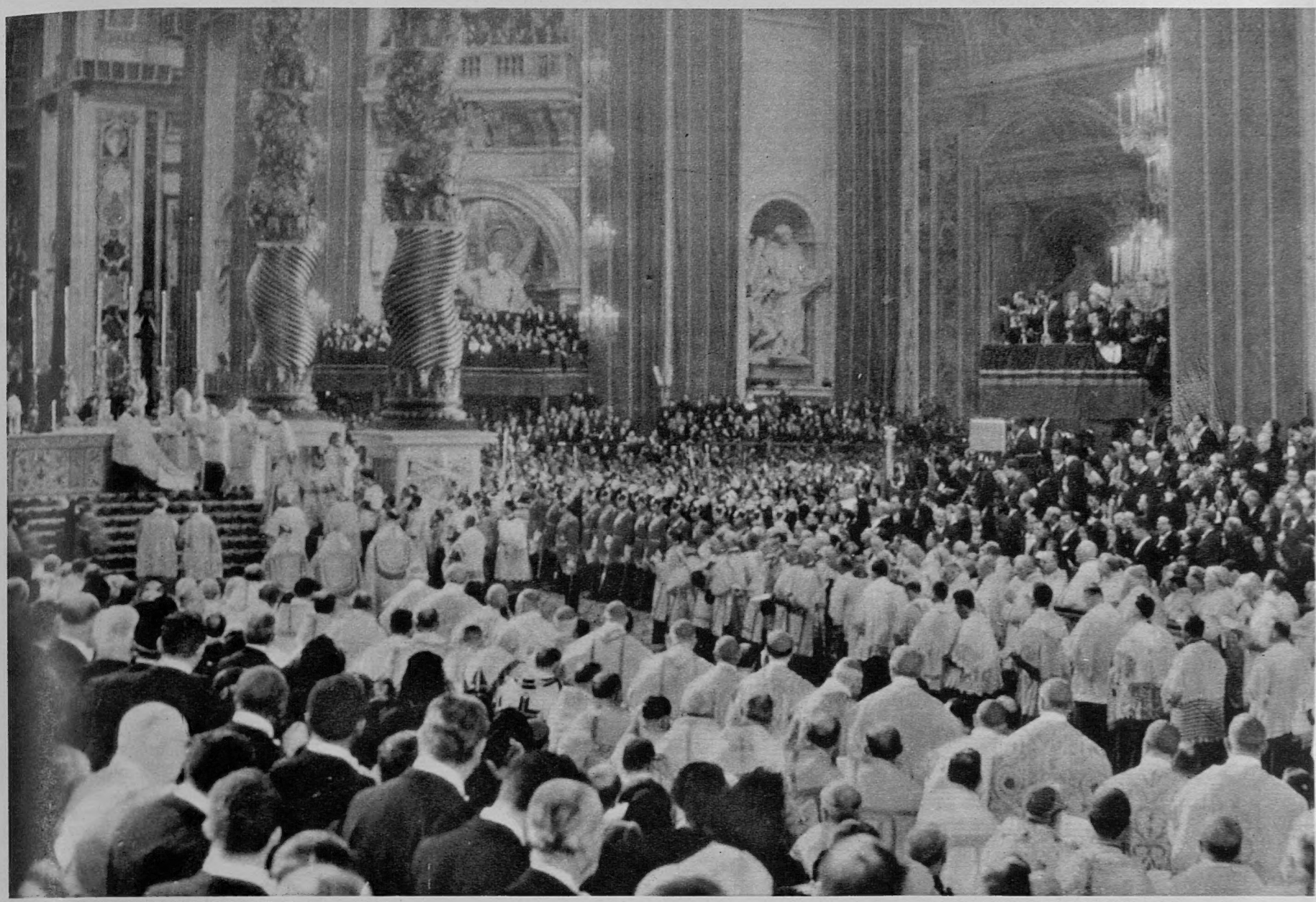
On left—

A REAL VETERAN: Mr. E. de Colver's 1896 Arnold is pulled over the wet leaves at the start. The car was the only one to complete both the original run in 1897 and the Jubilee run in 1956. This year the car retired with tyre trouble.



ON THEIR WAY: Well muffled-up against the weather, the passengers and driver of a 1904 Humber start on the journey from Hyde Park to Brighton. A total of 184 cars arrived at the finishing-line.

CARS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY: A 3½ h.p. International Benz, made in 1899 (left), is followed by a 1903 Oldsmobile runabout as they move along Purley Way. There was a 20 m.p.h. speed limit for the run and the first four to finish this year were disqualified for exceeding this limit. A 1901 Mors, driven by Mr. S. E. Sears, was officially the first to finish. The total number of entries was 208 and 193 cars started on the "commemoration" run.



Above—**THE CELEBRATION OF THE MASS: Pope John XXIII stands before the altar. Below him are cardinals, bishops, priests and some of the congregation in which were representatives from all States in diplomatic relations with the Vatican.** Queen Elizabeth was represented by the Duke of Norfolk, and the leading members of the English Roman Catholic Hierarchy were the Archbishops of Westminster, Dr. Godfrey, and of Birmingham, Dr. Grimshaw. Before the Mass, the Pope had been carried in procession through the Basilica.

THE CROWNING OF POPE JOHN XXIII

Scenes During the Ceremony Inside and Outside St. Peter's, Rome

Below—**AWAITING THE TRIPLE CROWN: Still wearing his mitre, the Pope, in his Pontifical robes, has reached the balcony outside St. Peter's.** The next and final stage in the Coronation was when Cardinal Canali, the senior Cardinal Deacon, placed the triple tiara on the Pontiff's head and declared: "Receive this tiara adorned with three crowns and know that thou art the Father of Princes and Kings, Guide of the World and Vicar on Earth of Jesus Christ our Lord." After a brief silence the huge crowd below roared their applause.

BRINGING UP A MINER: Bryon Martin, one of the seven miners who were discovered after being trapped for eight-and-a-half days, is brought from the pit-head on a stretcher. He had been separated from his companions in a pocket about 6 ft. square and had been without food, water or light. There were 174 men in the mine when the disaster occurred and eighty-one escaped, including seventeen injured. Rescue work continued throughout the night, but during the following morning all hope of any of the remaining entombed miners being brought out alive was abandoned. Six days later, however, twelve were found alive 13,000 ft. down a shaft. Two days later, another seven were discovered.

ANOTHER SURVIVOR OF THE PIT DISASTER IN NOVA SCOTIA: The last of the seven men discovered alive more than eight days after the disaster is carried to an ambulance. Although suffering from shock, all the rescued men were reported by their rescuers to be in good physical condition. The disaster occurred as a result of an earth tremor.

THE DUKE'S VISIT TO SPRINGHILL: The Duke of Edinburgh talks to a miner who broke a leg when trapped underground. On the Duke's left is the miner's wife, and on his right Mr. Ralph Gilroy, the Mayor of Springhill. Prince Philip broke his flight to visit Springhill on his return from Ottawa to London after addressing a world meeting of the English-Speaking Unions of the Commonwealth and United States.

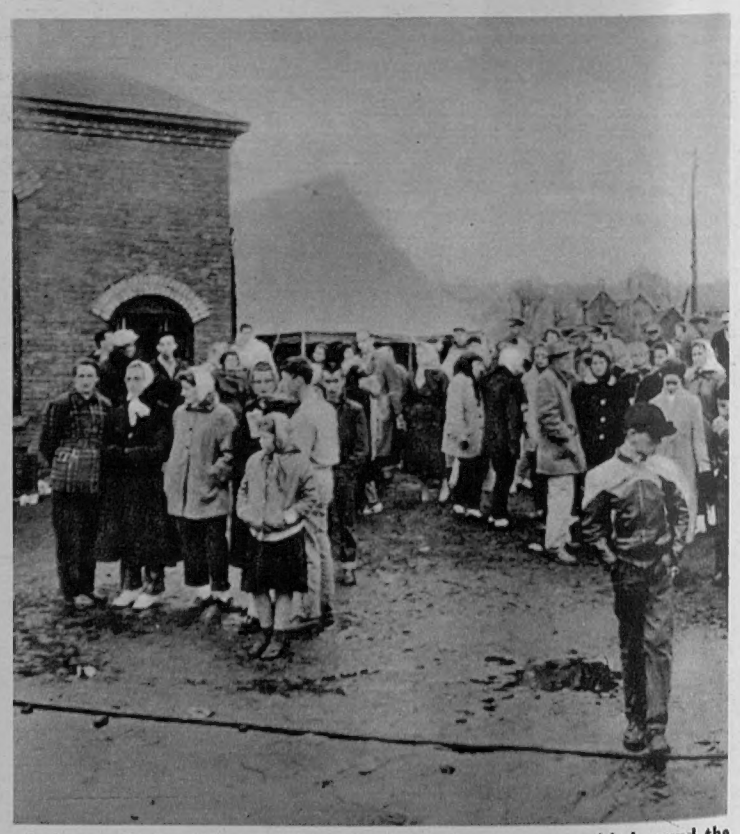
One hundred and sixty-six miners and eight supervisors were trapped underground in the Cumberland No. 2 Colliery at Springhill, Nova Scotia, after an earthquake-like tremor shook the area for about 14 miles around. About fifty of the men were trapped at 7,300 ft. from the pit entrance. The rest were trapped at nearly 14,000 ft. When the landslide subsided, only eighty-one were able to escape. Rescue teams went into immediate operation to reach the remainder, but on the following morning little hope was held out for their lives. The work of searching for victims had entered its sixth day when, miraculously, twelve men were found alive. Two days later contact was made with another seven men still living. All were successfully brought to the surface. It was the third major mine disaster in Springhill's history. In 1891 a pit explosion killed 129 miners, and only two years ago 39 died in another explosion from the deadly gas it released. The latest disaster has imperilled the community's whole economy. The mine that collapsed was the only one still operating. The No. 4 mine did not reopen after the explosion there in 1956. Springhill mine is a subsidiary of the British-controlled A.V. Roe of Canada, which operates it through the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation.

PIT DISASTER IN CANADA

Miraculous Recovery of Some of the Miners Trapped Thousands of Feet from the Pit-head of a Mine in Nova Scotia

On left—

RESCUE WORK: An injured man is lifted into an ambulance. The wrecked coal-mine is the deepest in North America. The main haulage passage descends at a 30-deg. angle for about 14,000 ft. from the pit-head to a point more than 4,000 ft. below the surface.

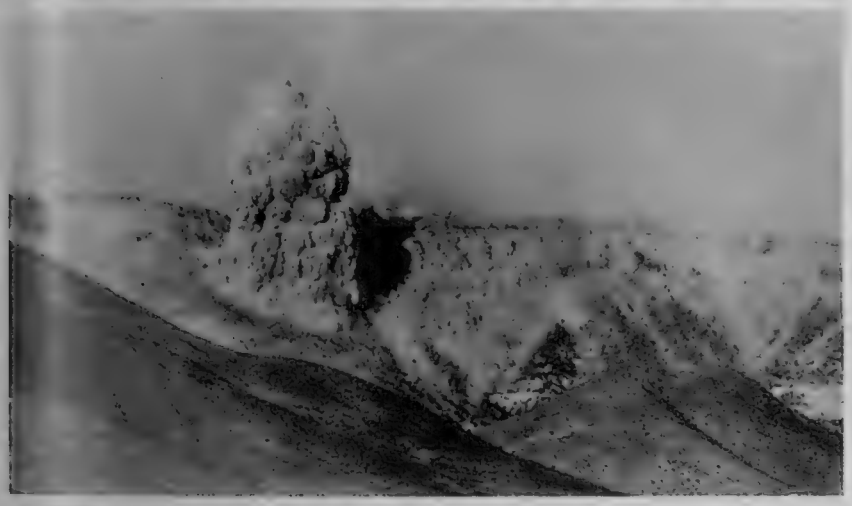


THE SCENE AT THE PIT-HEAD: *Left*—Another rescued man waves to the crowd as he is taken to an ambulance. *Right*—Wives, children and relatives are assembled round the pit entrance. Much of their time was spent in watching the "tag board" where the tags of miners working below ground are hung as they go down the mine. The removal of the tags indicated that a miner was safe. All hope for any more survivors was virtually abandoned at the end of last week, although the search continued.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE 250TH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: The Queen Mother is accompanied by Mr. Robert Austin, R.A., President of the Society, during a tour of the Autumn Exhibition at the galleries in Conduit Street, London, W.1. There were 155 works on show in the exhibition, which closed earlier this week. The first exhibition was held in April 1805, when, as recorded by the Society, "a curious collection of 275 works of graphic art were placed on view at 'The Rooms,' No. 20, Lower Brook Street, off Bond Street. . . . It was novel mainly owing to the fact that this was the first occasion on which so many works in water-colours had been shown by themselves without there being oil paintings in the same gallery."

A CONTROVERSIAL LITERARY FIGURE: Field Marshal Montgomery helps Lady Churchill to find her seat at a luncheon given in London to mark the publication of his Memoirs. The author sat between Lady Churchill and Lord Birkett, the chairman. In his speech Lord Montgomery said that he had had to decide whether to write a colourless book in which he said that everything and everybody was wonderful or whether he would speak the truth. He had decided that although the truth was unpalatable, it must be spoken. "I knew it would provoke criticism and controversy. Truth always does." (*The Memoirs of Field Marshal Montgomery* is reviewed on page 233.)



AN UNDERGROUND NUCLEAR TEST IN AMERICA: A huge cloud of atomic dust rises from a mountain near Mercury, in Nevada, after an atomic bomb had been exploded in a tunnel 850 ft. below the ground. The device had an explosive power equivalent to 20,000 tons of T.N.T. and was said to have caused the most powerful underground explosion ever set off by human agency. Dust rose to a height of 2,000 ft. after the explosion, but the blast caused only a slight jar to observers four miles away. Officials said that they thought that perhaps 5,000,000 tons of rock would have been crushed inside the mountain by the explosion, but there was almost no escape of radiation.

A NEW AMERICAN VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT: Hovering just above the runway at the municipal airport at Torrance, in California, is a Doak 16 VTOL aircraft during a demonstration of its performance. It is kept aloft by ducted propellers at the wing-tips in a horizontal position. The transition to level flight is made by slowly rotating the circular ducts forward until the propellers are vertical. Designed by the Doak Aircraft Co. at Torrance, the aircraft was built for the U.S. Army Transportation Research and Engineering Command for observation and rescue work. The Bell Aircraft Co. has also worked on VTOL aircraft for the U.S. Army, using a combination of helicopter and aeroplane and experimenting with turbo-jets.

NEW LONDON OFFICES FOR A FIRM OF SHERRY SHIPPERS: At the Park Street offices of Gonzalez, Byass and Co. Ltd., in Mayfair, the Spanish Ambassador, (left) is in conversation with the Marquess de Torre Soto, head of the Spanish side of the firm. They were attending the party to celebrate the opening of the firm's offices in London's West End—a rare event in the wine trade.

FEAST DAY AT COLCHESTER, IN ESSEX: A general view of the scene in the Town Hall during the annual Colchester Oyster Feast presided over by the Mayor, Mrs. Mary Cook. Among the guests were Sir Eric Harrison, High Commissioner for Australia; the Lord Mayor of London, the Bishop of Colchester, and Mr. Herbert Morrison. Although the date of the first oyster feast is unknown, there is a record in the town that it was held in 1667. Since the last century it has been customary to invite distinguished persons.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A CANDIDATE FOR THE NEW YORK GOVERNORSHIP: Mr. Nelson A. Rockefeller leans forward to shake hands with a woman on 13th Avenue in New York. He was Republican candidate against the Democrat Averell Harriman in the fight for the Governorship of New York last Tuesday (November 4). On that day voters throughout the United States polled for thirty-two State Governors, a new House of Representatives and a third of the Senate. The parties went into the election with Democrats in majority in the Representatives and Senate.

ADVICE FROM AN ELDER STATESMAN: Mr. Averell Harriman, seeking re-election as Democratic Governor of New York, and Mr. Frank Hogan, a Democratic candidate for the Senate, confer with Mr. Herbert Lehmann at a rally in New York before the election. Mr. Lehmann was Governor of New York before the war and a Senator from 1949 to 1957. The Governorship of New York was regarded as a key contest in the national polling. Another important aspect of the voting was its possible result on the future of Mr. Nixon.

A BRITISH ARMY COMMEMORATION SERVICE IN CYPRUS: Officers and men of the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders kneel at their camp at Limni during a service on the anniversary of the Battle of Balaclava. The engagement in the Crimean War on October 25, 1854, is one of the many honours on the Regiment's colours. Among those at the service was General Darling, the Director of Operations in Cyprus. Civilians were few as they had to be escorted to the camp.

A MILITARY CONFERENCE IN INDONESIA: Second from the left at the front table is General Nasution, Chief of Staff of the Indonesian Army. On his left is the bearded Brigadier-General Soebroto, Deputy Chief of the Army Staff. They were meeting with other senior officers of the Indonesian Army at a conference in Jakarta. Among the subjects reported to have been discussed were internal security and "the liberation of Dutch New Guinea." For some months Indonesia has laid claim to this territory.

A TURKISH CYPRIOT CELEBRATION: A huge Turkish flag is carried by Turkish Cypriots in national dress through a decorated street in the Turkish quarter of Nicosia. The parade was in honour of Turkish Independence Day. In a speech at a rally in the capital of Cyprus, Mr. Kutchuk, the Turkish leader, called on his listeners "never to betray the 100,000 graves of the Turkish warriors who had conquered Cyprus." He said that Cypriot Turks had never made cowardly attacks on anyone but must always be ready to defend their liberty.

A GREEK ANNIVERSARY IN NICOSIA: Ranks of Greek Cypriot girls in white blouses march in procession in "Ochi" Day celebrations. This is the anniversary of Greece's defiance of Mussolini and entry in the war on the side of the Allies in 1940. In spite of fears that riots might break out, the celebrations themselves passed off quietly in Nicosia. Thousands of children paraded behind bands and shouted "Eoka!" and "Enosis!" However, on the evening of "Ochi" Day, an attempt was made to kill a senior Greek Cypriot civil servant.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

BRITISH TROOPS LEAVE JORDAN: Men of the 16th Parachute Regiment stand or sit by their equipment at the airport in Amman. All the British troops in Jordan were withdrawn by the middle of last week in a five-day airlift over Syria to Cyprus.

AIRLIFT FROM AMMAN: British paratroopers go aboard an R.A.F. transport aircraft. Before the airlift began, two trial flights were made over Syria by planes carrying small parties of soldiers to test the arrangement for free passage made by the United Nations. The final party, headed by Brigadier Tom Pearson and Group Captain G. B. Warren, left the Jordanian capital on October 29. They were seen off at the airport by the British Ambassador, Mr. Charles Johnson, and Mrs. Johnson. Then the British colours—the Union Jack, and the flags of the R.A.F. and the Parachute Regiment—were ceremonially lowered over the Amman airport building.

A GIFT FOR THE QUEEN FROM KING HUSSEIN: Accompanied by two grooms and a uniformed member of the King's bodyguard, two Arab thoroughbred horses are at Abingdon Airfield, in Berkshire. A gift to the Queen from the ruler of Jordan, they had been flown from Amman by way of Cyprus.

"STRONG MAN" OF PAKISTAN: General Mohammed Ayub Khan is seen with Mr. McElroy, the United States Defence Secretary, at Karachi Airport. The latter had arrived for a four-day visit. General Khan, Commander-in-Chief and Martial Law Administrator, became President of Pakistan early last week, shortly after he had been appointed Prime Minister by the then President, Major-General Iskander Mirza. A proclamation stated that General Mirza had relinquished office and handed over all powers to General Khan. Later the new President stated that his predecessor had been "too much associated with the politicians responsible for bringing about the state of affairs in the country." General Mirza was expected to arrive in Britain last week-end for a prolonged stay. It was understood he had not been exiled.

A ROYAL GUEST IN IRAQ: Sheikh Sir Abdullah as-Salim As-Sabah, the ruler of Kuwait, sits in Bagdad between General Kassem (right), the Prime Minister of Iraq, and General Najib el Rubaii, the President of the Iraqi three-man Sovereignty Council. The Sheikh had arrived by air in the Iraqi capital and among his engagements was a State dinner at the Municipal Hall. The purpose of his visit was understood to be discussion on relations between Iraq and Kuwait, especially with regard to oil. Both the countries are among the wealthiest oil producers in the world. Kuwait is in special treaty relations with Britain.

On left—

A VISITOR FOR NASSER: Mr. Djuanda Kartawidjaja, the Prime Minister of Indonesia, talks with the President of the United Arab Republic in the Presidential Residence in Cairo. The Prime Minister made a three-day visit to Egypt at the end of last month.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"BROTHERS" TOGETHER: At the railway station in Moscow, Mr. Khrushchev waves a lordly salute as he walks with Mr. Gomulka, the Secretary-General of the Polish Communist Party. The latter, who had just arrived from Warsaw, is signifying his approval of the applause from the onlookers. Russo-Polish talks were held in the Soviet capital last week. At a luncheon given by Mr. Gomulka in the Polish Embassy, the Russian Prime Minister spoke of the "ever closer and deeper" Polish-Russian relations and from the Polish side there were tributes to the "brotherly assistance" from the Soviet Union.

AN EXAMPLE OF PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd greets Mr. Popovic, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, on his arrival for his three-day official visit to London. At a dinner for his guest on the first evening of his stay, the Foreign Secretary referred to Anglo-Yugoslav relations as a model of what was sometimes called peaceful co-existence. Mr. Popovic spoke of the genuine desire for mutual understanding and common ground in spite of certain differences.

On right—

A RELIGIOUS OCCASION IN LIVERPOOL: High Mass is celebrated in the crypt of the Roman Catholic cathedral in the presence of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Heenan. The service marked the opening of the main chapel in the crypt. Although a congregation of only about 400 could attend in this particular chapel, a closed circuit of television cameras enabled another 1,000 worshippers to follow the service in other crypt chapels and corridors. The crypt is 300 ft. long and 200 ft. wide and 30 ft. in height. The foundation-stone of the Cathedral was laid in 1933, but work was held up during the war and was not resumed until two years ago.

A BRITISH WINNER OF A NOBEL PRIZE FOR 1958: Dr. Frederick Sanger, F.R.S., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and a member of the staff of the Medical Research Council, works in his laboratory at Cambridge. He had just heard the news that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry by the Academy of Science in Stockholm. His research into the chemical structure of a protein—insulin—has enabled revolutionary progress to be made in chemistry. Three Russians share the Physics prize.

A SACRED OCCASION IN NEW DELHI: A procession makes its way through a street in the Indian capital during the celebration of the Festival of Dusserah. The horse-drawn chariot depicts in tableau the ride of Rama and his brother Lakshmana to do battle with the King of Evil, Ravana. *On left*—Giant effigies of Ravana and other figures of Evil wait to be burnt during the Festival. The Festival lasts ten days and its purpose is to symbolise the triumph of Good over Evil. It derives from the *Ramayana*, one of the great epics of India which has sometimes been described as the Indian Odyssey. The poem relates the story of the journeys and adventures of Prince Rama, who was banished from his country and of his meeting with his wife Sita. The couple are regarded as the ideals of perfect man and woman. The *Ramayana* is of ancient date and tells of events which may have occurred about 1000 B.C. It is usually attributed to an author named Valmiki, but there have been many additions to the original version.

World Affairs

COLONEL NASSER LOOKS SOUTHWARDS

By JOHN CONNELL

EXACTLY two years ago we were in the throes of the Suez crisis. Its after-effects, we are told, are still felt and do nothing but harm in the relations between the Western Powers and the Afro-Asian nations. This is a theory especially dear to the many moral masochists in our midst, who find it necessary to do perpetual and highly-publicised penance for the terrible misdeeds of our imperial past and for the appalling reversion to the attitudes and actions of that past which, in their view, the Anglo-French operation at Suez in November 1956 so flagrantly displayed.

It has never seemed to me necessary, dignified or right to beat my breast in self-condemnation or to pour ashes over my head, in order to atone for Suez. The operation was pitifully muddled and mismanaged from start to finish; but the crux of the matter was that we should never have evacuated the Suez Canal Zone Base in 1954, and everyone—even our sternest American critics—must now admit that this was one of the major diplomatic and political blunders of the post-war years. There has been a sharp shock of dismay at the extent of Soviet financial support for Nasser's Aswan Dam project; but even now there is pitifully little recognition of the magnitude of the challenge which is being mounted in the Middle East and in Africa.

Nasser's neighbours are much more conscious of it than we are in the West, for they bear the brunt of Egyptian expansionism backed by Soviet influence, Soviet money and Soviet arms. The forlorn attempt to revive the Arab League, which set all the appeasers in a flutter of excitement during the summer, has collapsed under the impact of Egyptian intrigue and ambition. President Bourguiba is almost as violently abused by Cairo Radio as Mr. Ben Gurion. The Lebanon, under the new régime of General Chehab, is trying to limp back to normal life and business as usual, but the arms and ammunition so lavishly distributed by the agents of the United Arab Republic have not been impounded; all the kindling of revolution and of civil war still exists, and the United Arab Republic stands alongside holding the matchbox. The departure of U.S. troops is hailed on Cairo and Damascus Radios as a humiliating defeat for the imperialists. The same kind of language is being used, with even greater vehemence and virulence, about the departure of British troops from Jordan.

Much of this has a routine air about it, but the present pressure and the present danger in Egyptian activities are directed southwards, against the Sudan, and with the long-term aim of penetration into Africa as a whole. Egypt is serving her own purposes and serving Communist purposes at the same time. The linking is open and shameless. Three months ago the Sudanese Government took prompt and salutary action against a notorious Egyptian agitator-diplomat, Ali Khashaba, who had been appointed Counsellor of the Embassy of the United Arab Republic in Khartoum. They declared him *persona non grata* and asked for his withdrawal within 24 hours, "in order to maintain good relations between the two countries." The Voice of the Arabs, not unnaturally, wailed its indignation at this sensible step; and Moscow Radio chimed in, amiably describing the Sudanese Government as "a bridge for imperialist infiltration into Africa."

Ali Khashaba, in recent years, has made the round of Arab and Middle Eastern capitals, in every one of which he has left a sticky trail of subversive activity; his most sensational *coup*, the authorities in Khartoum had reason to believe, was to corrupt and seduce from their loyalty the officers of the Qassem Brigade, when he was *en poste* in Bagdad shortly before the assassination of the King, the Crown Prince and Nuri es Said. The Sudanese Prime Minister, Abdullah Khalil, could hardly be blamed for suspecting that Ali Khashaba had come to Khartoum on a similar errand. His expulsion, however, was violently resented by Egypt; tension rapidly increased between the two countries, and by the end of September Sayed Abu Sin, Minister of Social Affairs in Abdullah Khalil's Coalition Government, frankly admitted to a visiting British journalist, "The Sudan's relations with Egypt are at their worst."

Mutual hostility and suspicion have become deep and widespread in the past few months. There has been a grievous drain on the Sudan's foreign currency reserves, which stood at £62,000,000 in December 1956, fell to £39,000,000 in 1957 and on September 1 this year stood at the alarming figure of £8,000,000. The Sudanese believe that the chief cause of their financial plight is Egypt's economic war against their export trade, particularly in commodities such as melon seeds, dates and cattle. They have had American aid to the tune of some £11,000,000 in the current year, and Barclays Bank have advanced £3,000,000 at 5 per cent. to tide the Sudan over the sale of the cotton crop. But there is a mounting demand for large-scale Western economic assistance, set against the offer of lavish loans and technical aid from Russia and Poland. It is a familiar pattern, and none the less menacing because familiar.

There is in addition severe politico-economic pressure over the use of the Nile waters; and this, too, is a familiar cause of friction. From the end of June onwards, every year, the floodwaters of the Nile roll northward for thousands of miles; and for thousands of years the peoples in the countries through which the great river passes have fed and fertilised their crops with these floodwaters. Egypt is the final recipient in the later weeks of July and the first weeks of August; her whole agricultural economy depends on the fullest use of the Nile waters for irrigation—just as much to-day as throughout all the centuries of her long history. The "unity of the Nile valley" was a dubious political slogan; it is a statement of stern, irrefutable economic fact.

In explicit recognition of this fact, Britain and Egypt negotiated in 1929 an agreement regulating the distribution of the Nile waters, one of whose main provisions forbids the Sudan from access to the flood until after July 15 each year. After the attainment of independence in January 1956 the Sudan Government announced that they no longer considered themselves bound by agreements previously concluded by Britain on their behalf which they considered unjust. However, the Nile Waters Agreement has hitherto remained binding in practice, and in accordance with it the Sudanese Government notified Cairo that they planned to test the new Managil Canal before July 15 with water drawn from the Nile. The notification was ignored, and on July 2 a quantity of water was diverted for this purpose. The Egyptians protested loudly, and the Sudanese then formally repudiated the Agreement.

UNDER ARREST: At the Nile Hotel, Captain Mohammed Ismail Kamel, from Cairo, is seen with Captain Fattih Mohammed Beshire, Sudanese Artillery, when the former was arrested in February of this year.

A formidable propaganda barrage was thereupon directed against the Sudan, which was accused of deliberately seeking to ruin Egypt's rice crop. *Al-Akhbar* thundered: "The people that routed fleets, defeated empires and converted great Powers into third-class little Powers can no longer be deceived by a play on words, for in this case the play on words is a play on its legal rights and a flouting of noble ties which ought not to be menaced by Notes, demands for negotiations and attempts to strike a bargain."

Cairo Radio took the view that "to abrogate the Agreement now means only one thing: that the Sudan Government want to strangle a neighbour by threatening to turn vast agricultural areas into barren desert and a toiling people into a starved nation."

The dispute drags on with no conclusion in sight; and the revival of Nasser's Aswan Dam project, under Soviet sponsorship, has certainly not eased the atmosphere. Government spokesmen in Khartoum profess to believe that a *coup* along the lines of that engineered in Bagdad earlier this year is improbable. "We regard Egypt as our Arab neighbour," the inquirer is told. "We think it likely that the Cairo Government has learned from previous experience not to meddle with us." It is true that the Egyptians have a certain healthy respect for Sudanese military capacity, though they do not gibber with fear as they do over the Israelis' abilities in the same field. It also has to be remembered that Nuri es Said, although he gave a grave and timely warning of the jeopardy in which the King of Jordan stood, was—within a few days of his own brutal murder—supremely confident that he had the situation in Iraq completely under control.

Sudanese emotions about Egypt are extremely mixed. The most obvious analogy is probably to be found in Irish sentiments about the United Kingdom. But the Sudan, before political emancipation, was administered

EGYPTIANS IN THE SUDAN: At Wadi Halfa, an Egyptian captain and members of his party sit on the verandah of the Nile Hotel under house arrest. Early this year they were arrested when they failed to stop at a frontier post. Later they were released.

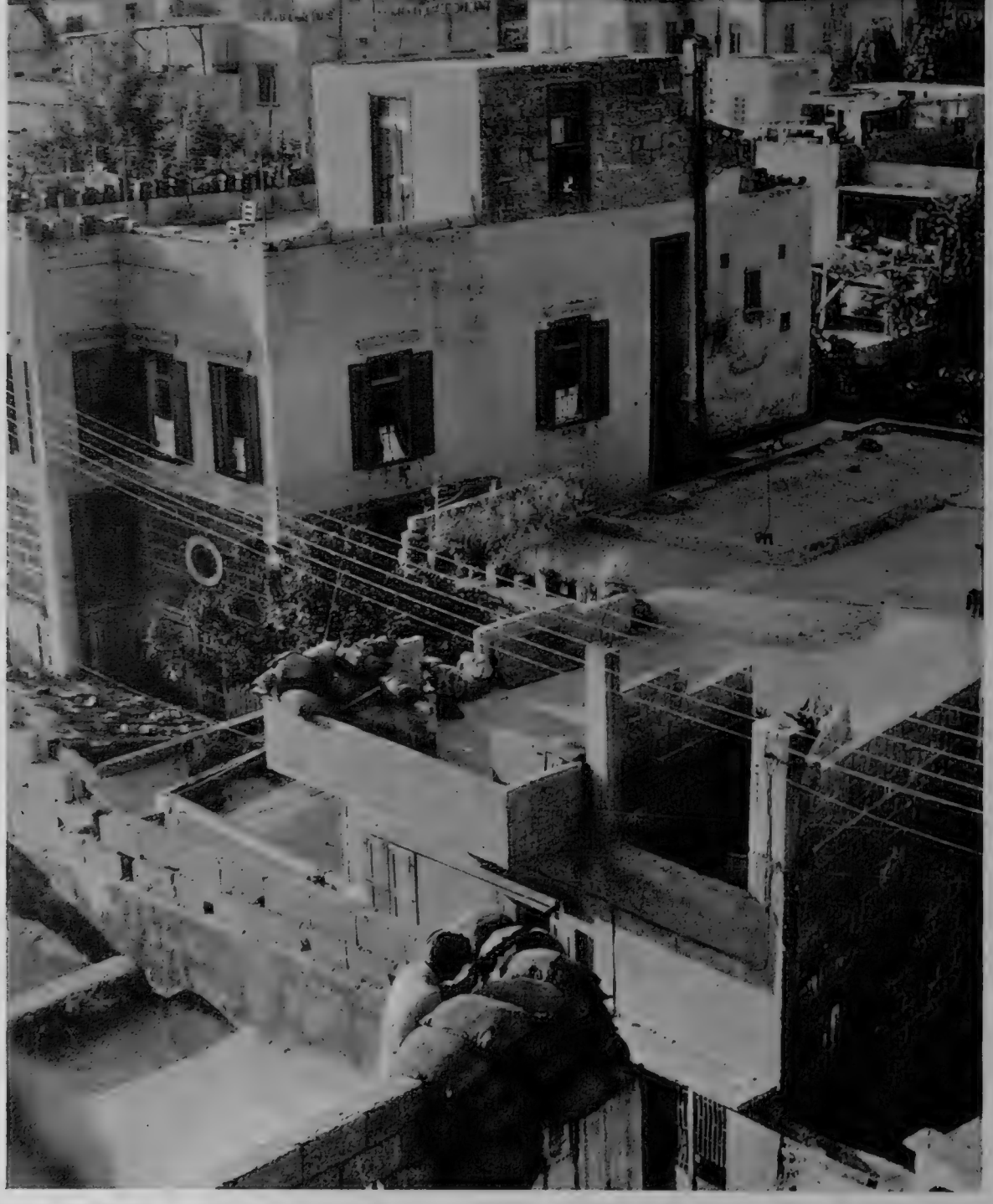
under what Miss Margery Perham has described as "a double-headed sovereignty," and there is a residue of confused and clashing loyalties and disloyalties. While the discussions leading up to independence were on, a talented Sudanese student of politics, Mr. Mekki Abbas, could write hopefully enough: "An appeal should be made to Egypt, the sister country, to do all she can to understand the problems and aspirations of the Sudanese. It is in the interest of both parts of the Nile valley that their peoples should live side by side in peace and contentment. The bonds of language and culture should be strengthened by a forward policy imbued with the spirit of the modern age. . . ."

Such agreeable and liberal-minded innocence is far from contemptible; but it has received a harsh bruising in the years since these sentences were written. Nowadays the Sudanese are more apt to talk sadly and realistically about "the old, teasing problem of Egypto-Sudanese relations," and fall back on the device, which baffles the inquirer from overseas far more than it assists him, of quoting an Arab proverb: "My brother and I are against my cousin, but we and our cousins are against the foreigner."

Yet cryptic as this proverb is, it contains much of the essence of Arabism, that complicated and stubbornly maintained apparatus of thought and feeling which is so important an element in the life and history of the peoples of these parts. Arabism has its expansionist, ruthlessly aggressive and acquisitive manifestations, and it is of these that the non-Arab peoples of the Sudan, the Dinkas, for example, and other primitive and pagan swamp-dwelling tribes of the far South, are painfully aware. Hitherto Egyptian and Arab penetration into Africa has meant, decade after decade and century after century, military conquest, oppression and enslavement. Naked, illiterate and poor, the victims of this side of Arabism have preserved no records of their sufferings, but there is a welling-up of deep memories from the collective consciousness, an instinctive but wholehearted resistance which is likely to daunt and perhaps defeat the new generation of carpet-baggers, with their glib political slogans and their obvious lust for power.

SECOND THOUGHTS AMONG FORMER LEBANESE REBELS: Assisted by children, supporters of Rashid Karami, the former rebel leader and now Premier of Lebanon, re-erect a barricade in a street in Beirut. They had started dismantling obstructions such as these when Karami assumed office, but since then there have been signs of considerable opposition to his regime.

AN OPPONENT OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT: A member of marked building over the roofs of the Lebanese capi at the end of last month, the Falangists continued to o



READY FOR TROUBLE: Sand-bagged strong-points are manned on roofs in the Basta Sector of Beirut. In the days of President Chamoun, this was the area strongly held by the rebels. To-day, although the picture may seem to have changed little in appearance, the sentries are pro-Government and on the look-out for trouble from the Falangist dissidents.

A CHANGE OF VIEW: Saeb Salem was a prominent rebel leade Now he supports Prime Minister Karami. Salem house, in which he is seen here, was a rebel H.

UNEASY TRUCE IN LEBANON

Armed Opposition to the New Government in Beir

THE political paradox in Lebanon can be summed up briefly Those who were the rebels are now the Government loyal ists, and vice versa. The situation would be Gilbertian were not for the underlying tragedy—probably 3,000 people hav been killed in the past six months throughout the country— and for the dangers which can still threaten Middle Eas stability and world peace from Lebanon.

To make any sense of the confusion one must recal the sequence of events since the end of last spring. Then there was an outbreak of civil war which was at firs regarded as a recrudescence of a long-standing domesti dispute in which religious affiliations played no smal part. President Chamoun and his Prime Minister, Sam Solh, were perhaps rather too facilely seen as the Christians opposed by somewhat ill-co-ordinated bands of rebels, mainly Muslims.

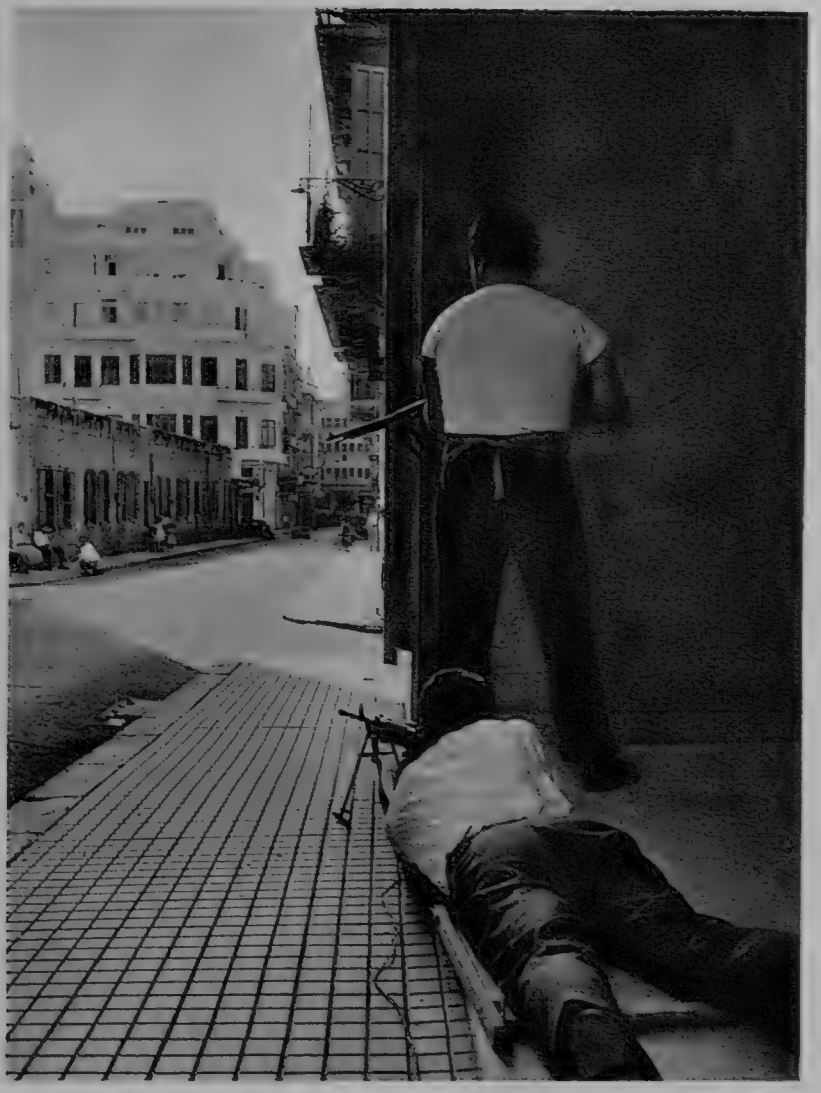
For a civil war it was sometimes strangely casual Foreign journalists had no difficulty in passing from a Government stronghold through the outposts of opposing troops into a rebel headquarters. Much controversy raged round Chamoun. Rebels demanded that he should resign before his term of office expired. Chamoun supporters wanted him in office for another term.

By midsummer another element had entered into the situation—foreign intervention. The rebels were charged with receiving foreign arms and support, and though a

group known as the Falange keeps watch from a bullet-As the Americans began the final withdrawal of their troops armed resistance to the Lebanese Government forces.

THE " NEW " REBELS ON PATROL: A file of armed Falangists passes along a narrow thoroughfare. The political paradox of the Lebanon is that these men were the supporters of the old Government of President Chamoun and fought the Karami rebels. Now the Chamounites have become in their turn the chief group in revolt against the new Government under Karami.

A RALLY AGAINST THE KARAMI GOVERNMENT: Falangists gather to demonstrate outside their headquarters. Last week the Lebanese Cabinet continued to maintain a curfew and stronger action was expected against the numerous people in Beirut and elsewhere still publicly carrying arms.



TWO ASPECTS OF THE LEBANESE SITUATION: The two Falangists posing with their guns do not seem to disturb the group on the other side of the street. *On left*—The picture shows General Chehab taking the oath of office as President last September. Standing on his left is his predecessor, President Chamoun.

United Nations investigating team could find no " massive " evidence of this, the Lebanese crisis became a Middle Eastern one. The sinister figures of Khrushchev and Nasser were seen lurking in the wings.

After the Army *coup* in Iraq, President Chamoun appealed to America for military aid and King Hussein of Jordan made a similar request to Britain. The arrival of the American and British troops in the Middle East relaxed the tension. Internationally, the initiative passed to the United Nations. Domestically, Lebanon's need was to settle the matter of the Presidency.

In the civil war the Lebanese Army, under its Commander-in-Chief, General Chehab, had not taken sides. Chehab's neutrality had greatly enhanced his reputation, and soon he was being named as the one man who should take control. Pressure, it was reported, was brought to bear by America on President Chamoun. At all events, in due course he retired in September, and General Chehab was elected as his successor. His first action was to appoint the rebel Karami as Prime Minister. All the other rebel leaders signified their approval. Mr. Hammarskjöld's United Nations Observer Group in Lebanon (UNOGIL) guaranteed non-interference from outside and the Americans started their withdrawal. The final units of U.S. troops left at the end of last month.

Unfortunately, domestic peace does not appear to have returned to the Lebanon. It may have been true last week that with the withdrawal of the Americans business was as usual, as one report put it, and the Lebanese, always keenly interested in finance, were engaged in totting-up their monetary gains over the past months. But against this had to be put the signs of increasing internal violence. The old rebels, having become the Government, were bent on putting down the Falangists, formerly the loyalists of President Chamoun. Rival armed bands and strong-points were still a feature of Beirut. It was expected in some quarters that President Chehab might at last employ the Army to restore order. Nevertheless, the fact that the Falangists were bitterly accusing Premier Karami of being too much inclined towards Nasser (in just the same way as Karami in his rebel days had charged the Chamounites with being pro-American) indicated that Lebanon might remain a serious international problem.

CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER

Pictures of Mr. Diefenbaker and His Wife, Now on Their World Tour

WHEN Mr. Diefenbaker became Prime Minister of Canada after the surprise victory of his Conservative Party in the June 1957 elections, it was quickly realised that a new figure of the first importance had arrived in Commonwealth and world affairs. In a year and a half he has travelled widely and established himself as one of the best known of the Commonwealth leaders. As result of his current world tour he is undoubtedly the most-travelled Prime Minister Canada has ever had.

The purpose of the trip, of 40,000 miles in seven weeks, he has himself described as being inspired by his high regard for Canada's association with "the far-flung family of vigorous, forward-looking and freedom-loving countries which comprise the Commonwealth." He is visiting as many of the Commonwealth countries as possible "so as thereby to become better acquainted with their leaders and peoples and perhaps to make some contribution to peace in the strengthening of those spiritual bonds, invisible but most significant, that bind us together."

There are two key phrases in his statement—his determination to work for a real world peace and his desire to meet "leaders and peoples." Mr. Diefenbaker is a man who likes to see things for himself, to find out realities and not to be given information from which his informant excludes anything he thinks might be unpleasing to the Prime Minister.

The Diefenbakers—Mrs. Diefenbaker is accompanying her husband on the tour—arrived in Britain on October 30 and were due to leave on Tuesday last (November 4). Their current programme is taking them to France and West Germany, where they are visiting Canadian troops as well as political leaders. They should be in Rome on November 11. From there they will fly to Pakistan, reaching Karachi on November 13. Parenthetically, the entire trip is being made by air in an R.C.A.F. C-5 aircraft.

Next comes India with a five-day stop, then shorter pauses in Ceylon and Malaya, Singapore and Indonesia. Australia welcomes them from December 3 to December 7 and the Prime Minister and his wife will be in New Zealand from December 8 to December 14. The flight home over the Pacific will be by way of Fiji, Canton Island, Honolulu and San Francisco, arriving back in Canada on December 17.

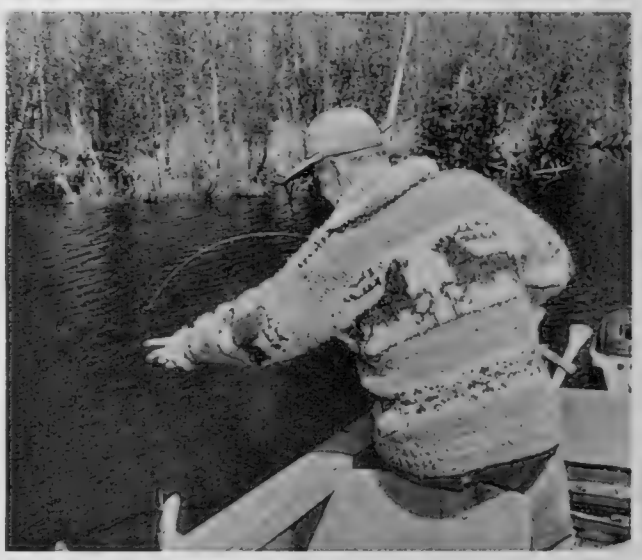
The programme in each country follows much the same pattern. There will be talks with the political leaders in non-Commonwealth as well as Commonwealth lands. But Mr. Diefenbaker also insists on the chance of talking with, and getting to know, the ordinary people.

His world tour is undoubtedly enhancing his international reputation. His name and appearance are becoming still more widely familiar, but details of the personality of the man and of his earlier career are perhaps not so well known. John G. Diefenbaker is aged sixty-three. He was born in Ontario of Dutch-German and Scottish immigrant stock. His father was a schoolmaster and his mother, of Scottish descent, is now aged eighty-six and lives in Saskatoon. When the boy was aged eight the family moved to central Saskatchewan. Thus Canada's present Prime Minister can justifiably claim to be the first man raised in Western Canada to hold the highest political office of the Dominion.

Many of his early habits and interests have remained with him throughout his life. A Baptist by religion, he neither smokes tobacco nor drinks alcoholic spirits. His tastes are simple and his relaxation is trout fishing. His deep knowledge of the Bible and of Shakespeare is apparent in his almost evangelistic style of speaking and he must be among the best read of living Prime Ministers. He very rarely reads detective stories, for being a lawyer by profession he has seen too much of the reality of crime. He began legal practice after the First World War in which he served for a year with the Canadian Army overseas before being invalided home.

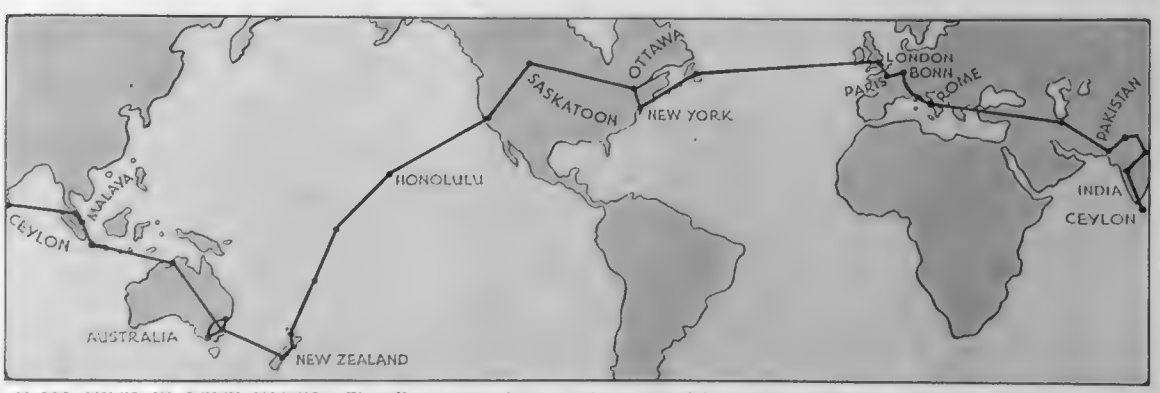
Politically he has learnt the hard way. For fifteen years he was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament. It was not until 1940 that he won the seat of Lake Centre which he held until 1953. Then he was returned for his present constituency, Prince Albert. He was elected Conservative Leader in 1956 and since then his career has moved forwards with remarkable rapidity.

ON AND OFF DUTY: *Above*—**Mr. Diefenbaker is seen with Mr. Macmillan in Downing Street before the dinner given for the former on his arrival in London last week on his world tour.** *Below*—**Canada's Prime Minister fishes in Saskatchewan.**



Below—

THE PRIME MINISTER'S WIFE: Mrs. Diefenbaker and her husband were married in 1953. She is his second wife—the first Mrs. Diefenbaker died in 1951—and is the daughter of a Baptist minister. Their home is at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, where they live in a modest bungalow. Much of their time nowadays has to be spent in the Canadian Prime Minister's official residence, No. 24, Sussex Street, Ottawa. Mrs. Diefenbaker is accompanying her husband on the world tour. The first part of their programme includes journeys to several European countries. Then they will fly on to Asia, Australia, New Zealand and back to Canada via Honolulu.



40,000 MILES IN SEVEN WEEKS: The diagrammatic map shows the itinerary being followed by the Diefenbakers in their tour round the world. One of the main purposes of the trip is to visit as many Commonwealth countries as possible. Mr. Diefenbaker has stated that he regrets time has not permitted him to visit any part of Africa.

MRS. DIEFENBAKER IN HER KITCHEN: The picture was taken in the bungalow in Prince Albert on the day after Mr. Diefenbaker had become the Prime Minister.

ANNOUNCING THE ELECTION OF THE NEW POPE: From the central balcony of St. Peter's in Rome, Cardinal Canali (fifth from the left), the senior Cardinal Deacon, speaking in Latin, announces, "I have tidings of great joy. We have a Pope." More than 300,000 people were packed into the square to hear the announcement that the new Pope was Cardinal Roncalli and that he had chosen to be called Pope John XXIII. The first signs of the successful election came in the early evening, when the ballot papers on the twelfth count were burnt. A small puff of streaky, yellow smoke appeared from the top of the slender chimney on the roof of the Sistine Chapel. The amount and colour of a subsequent puff brought thousands of people into St. Peter's Square. As a band of the Italian Carabinieri played, the curtains were drawn behind the loggia above the bronze doors of St. Peter's. Following Cardinal Canali's announcement, members of the Papal court emerged to drape the balcony with the tapestry bearing the crest of the late Pope Pius XII. The bells of St. Peter's and 300 churches in Rome began to peal. Pope John XXIII appeared on the balcony to give his first blessing "Urbi et orbi"—to the city and world—to the huge crowd. A burly, well-built figure, the Pope was dressed in the pontifical robe of white wool, contrasting with the purple of his court.

THE ELECTION OF POPE JOHN XXIII

On the Twelfth Ballot, Cardinal Roncalli, the Patriarch of Venice, is Chosen

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF POPE JOHN XXIII: The Pope gives his blessing from the balcony of St. Peter's. On extreme left is Cardinal Tisserant. Mgr. Enrico Dante, Prefect of the Vatican's Ceremonial Office, is on the right of the Pope, and on his left are Mgr. Carlo Capoferri, of the Vatican's Ceremonial Office; and (partly hidden) Cardinal Masella. Pope John XXIII resumed a custom which had fallen into disuse. As he donned the pontifical robes in the vestry of the Sistine Chapel he placed his cardinal's purple skull-cap on the head of the Secretary of the Conclave, Mgr. di Jorio, showing his intention of elevating him to the Sacred College.

THE CONCLAVE OF CARDINALS PAYS HOMAGE TO THE NEW POPE: Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, kneels in front of Pope John XXIII, seated on the throne (right), in front of the altar in the Sistine Chapel in Rome. Waiting their turn to kiss the Pope's ring are, from left to right standing, dressed in the full regalia, Cardinal Roques, Archbishop of Rennes; Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto; and Archbishop Agagianian, Patriarch of Cilicia. In the background from left to right are Cardinal Fossati, Archbishop of Turin; Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi, Prefect of the Congregation "de Propaganda Fide"; Cardinal Liénart, Bishop of Lille; Cardinal Cerejeira, Patriarch of Lisbon; Cardinal Van Roey, Archbishop of Malines; Cardinal Mimmi, Archbishop of Naples; Cardinal Tedeschini, Cardinal Bishop of Frascati; Cardinal Masella, Cardinal Camerlengo; Cardinal Pizzardo, Cardinal Bishop of Albano; Cardinal Micara, Cardinal Bishop of Velletri; and Cardinal Tisserant, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia. The ceremony took place last week after the election of Pope John XXIII.

POPE JOHN XXIII RECEIVES THE CARDINALS

The Ceremony of the Third and Most Solemn Obedience in the Sistine Chapel

On left—

THE THIRD AND MOST SOLEMN OF THE OBEDIENCES: Pope John XXIII (centre right background), flanked by Vatican Noble Guards and Swiss Guards, passes through one of the halls in the Vatican on his way to receive the third obedience of Cardinals. Behind the two Vatican Chamberlains (foreground left) are (left), wearing glasses, Mgr. Frederico di Vignale, Master Chamberlain to his Holiness, and (right) Mgr. Diego Venini, head of the Apostolic Almonry. Behind them and immediately preceding the Pope is Mgr. Carlo Capoferri, of the Vatican's Ceremonial Office, carrying the cross. Vatican Radio announced the date of the coronation of Pope John XXIII as Tuesday, November 4, a national holiday and the feast day of St. Charles Borromeo, whose life has been written by the Pope.

On right—

IN THE VATICAN PALACE: Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, kneels before the Pope during the ceremonies in which the Cardinals paid their third obedience. Extreme left is Mgr. Enrico Dante, with, beyond him, Mgr. Carlo Capoferri. On the same day, the Pope reappointed Mgr. Tardini as Pro-Secretary of State, a post which he held for some years under Pius XII. Vatican circles interpreted the action as meaning that Mgr. Tardini would be created a cardinal and then be Cardinal Secretary of State.

KNEELING BEFORE THE POPE: Cardinal Tisserant, the Dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, kneels at the feet of Pope John during the ceremony of obedience in the Sistine Chapel.

IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL: Paying his third obedience to the Pope is Cardinal Van Roey, Archbishop of Malines. He is assisted by Mgr. Capoferri, who has his back to the camera.

PONIES FOR SALE

Each Year, on the Last Thursday in October, the Devonshire Market Town of Bampton is Crowded for the Sale of Exmoor Ponies

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SET in the midst of most beautiful country, Bampton, a small market town on the River Batherm, a tributary of the Exe, is itself an unremarkable little place. In the whole town there is no building of sufficient architectural merit to catch the eye of the passing motorist and impel him to stop. And most motorists, I imagine, do not stop: they just murmur "how lovely" (for Bampton has the quiet charm characteristic of old Devon market towns) and drive on. It is a pity really, for the church, though nothing much to look at from the outside, is well worth a visit. There is a wonderfully rich roof and a very well carved rood-screen and two elaborately traceried tombs which merit and repay close examination. Moreover, there is a magnificent view from the churchyard and some old yew trees, their crevices filled with masonry and with stone seats thoughtfully placed round them. I have personally never seen anyone sitting on these stone seats and admiring the view, but I have been told that they are popular in the early stages of courtship. However, despite the view, Bampton church is not one much visited by tourists. This is a valley you go up on the way to Exmoor or down on the way from Exmoor, and Bampton is just a place on the route. And not a busy place: even on market day it is not a really busy place.

Except for one day in the year: the last Thursday in October, Fair Day. On that day Bampton is crammed to overflowing, filled with bustle and noise. And on that day you suddenly realise that, although it is a couple of miles or so over the Devon border, Bampton is very much under the influence of Exmoor. Of course, a good deal of Exmoor is actually in Devon, but the heart of it is in Somerset and Exmoor men, generally, regard themselves as Somerset rather than Devon: or, more accurately, their allegiance is to the moor rather than to a county. Certainly, on Fair Day, Bampton is a moor town and not a Devon town.

Exmoor is high, wild country; alternate hills and moors and deep combes, heather, bracken and coarse rough grass. Many attempts have been made to tame it and all have failed. Indeed, there is a saying about Exmoor land: "You scratch my back and I'll scratch your pocket." This is the country of the wild red deer, the Exmoor horned sheep and the Exmoor pony: three animals which have a great deal in common—long residence on the moor, the ability to live on very short commons, and a quite astonishing activity, which enables them to ignore fences whenever they feel so inclined.

The Exmoor pony is a small animal, standing only a little over twelve hands, and is almost invariably dark brown or bay with wide nostrils set in a mealy nose. The mealy nose is, of course, the distinctive feature of the breed. Actually, the Exmoor is one of the only two British pony breeds (the other is the Shetland) which is of a definite type: once recognised, an Exmoor can never be mistaken for any other breed. The simple truth of the matter is that the Exmoor has more "quality," much more quality, than any other of our native breeds, and it is this, of course, that makes them so popular not only as riding ponies, but also for crossing on other breeds. The cross with Arab or Thoroughbred, for example, gives an excellent riding pony or hunter of around fifteen hands.

The Exmoor itself is not, it must be admitted, a good first ride: certainly not for a child. They are too strong and too fearless. There is a great deal of truth in the Exmoor saying: "If you can ride an Exmoor, you can ride anything." It is worth while remembering, by the way, that an Exmoor pony, The Colonel, once won the Grand National two years running.

AT BAMPTON FAIR: Crowds gather round the ponies at the annual sale in the Devonshire town. Each year, the ponies are very closely corralled and they are grouped according to their district. As well as many buyers the fair is attended by crowds of sightseers and the town is filled with bustle and noise.

The ponies out on the moor are not cross-breds, of course. Nothing but the genuine article could stand the conditions, for these ponies live out on the moor throughout the year and an Exmoor winter is no joke. There is often deep snow, and when there is not there is pretty constant rain, drenching and cold. Moreover, the ponies are not fed: they have to forage for themselves, turning their rumps to the weather, scraping away the snow to get at the grass beneath. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. And the Exmoor, born on the moor, is very tough and sound. It is a rare thing to see a lame pony: an animal with unsound hocks would soon be in serious trouble in such country.

The stallions also live a wild life, each running with a small herd of mares and behaving towards them exactly as a genuinely wild animal would, demanding instant obedience (and taking the necessary steps to see that they get it), rounding them up when danger (fancied or real) threatens and themselves taking the post of danger at such times. Moreover, an Exmoor stallion at such a time will attack, stamping with fury, and then charging. I must admit that I have never seen an attack actually pressed home. But, then, I have never waited long enough for that! I should add that I have only seen an attack when mounted. On foot no attention has been paid to me. It is the horse, and not the human, that is the object of resentment.

The foals are born in May. For six months they lead an ideal life, running with their mothers on the moor, playing with their cousins, displaying a marvellous agility. Then, on the Saturday preceding the last Thursday in October, they—and their mothers—are rounded up. This is the annual Pony Gathering, and it is a very much more skilful business than would appear at first sight, demanding an intimate knowledge of the countryside, fine horsemanship, great stamina, and almost illimitable patience.

The ponies on the moor are owned by the various farmers—most of them maintain that ponies help the sheep grazing—and each man knows pretty well where ponies (but not necessarily his own) are to be found in his neighbourhood. Each farmer (or a team of neighbouring farmers) therefore undertakes his own round-up, and so there are a good many in progress on the moor at the same time. Indeed, the operation would be impossible if this were not so. But the method is always the same: the men, well mounted on horses which seem to know exactly what is required of them, sweep the moor in wide circles, with much shouting and cracking of whips, and a great deal of fast galloping hither and thither, for the wild ponies know the country every whit as well and are expert at breaking back. Everyone has a wonderful time: everyone, that is, except the wild ponies.

When the ponies are corralled—and this will be in a farmyard if there is one handy, but is, as often as not, in a high-banked lane which has been blocked—the job of "cutting out" begins. All the mares and all the older ponies are marked, but these marks are usually invisible to the uninitiated; the men doing the work, however, seem to know without any careful examination to whom each animal belongs. The mares are separated and turned back on to the moor. A few of the foals may go with them. But the vast majority of the foals must be sold because the amount of keep on the moor is strictly limited and the numbers of free-running ponies have, therefore, to be restricted, and off they go, a melancholy procession, to the sales. The first of these is held at Brendon, in a field by the Staghunters Hotel, on the Monday following the "Gathering," and is exciting enough to watch, for it always has about it some of the elements of a rodeo.

But the great sale—a sale which has now been held for some six centuries—is, of course, at Bampton. It takes place in the morning behind the Tiverton Inn, and some 300 ponies are sold every year. They are corralled close to the sale ring in groups according to the district from which they come—Simonsbath, Winsford, Porlock, Hawkridge, and so forth—and when you see them like this it is possible to distinguish a slight difference between, say, a Simonsbath and a Winsford pony. The expert can, no doubt, do so when he sees the ponies separately: but I cannot; one at a time they are just Exmoor ponies to me.

The ponies are very closely corralled, each pen packed with squealing terrified creatures, looking their very worst in their rough winter coats, frightened out of their wits. No one could call their treatment at the Fairs quiet, and I can never go to one without a slight feeling of shame at what the pony must think of man at this, his first acquaintance with him. At least I am sure that a quieter treatment at the Fairs would make the job of the breaker a good deal easier. But the close corralling makes the job of getting a selected pony out all the more difficult and hazardous. I would not dream of launching myself into that squealing, kicking mass, but boys do it without turning a hair and bring out the right pony, and remarkably quickly, too.

An astonishingly varied crowd attends the sale. There are farmers, of course, and, inevitably, gipsies. These buy ponies for resale: and I remember once watching a gipsy buy a pony for three half-crowns and within a matter of a quarter of an hour or so sell it again round the corner for a pound. There are always itinerant horse-dealers present, and always one or more horse-dealers in a rather bigger way of business buying for export. There are always parents looking for a pony for their daughters, and there are always pony-lovers (mainly women) watching the proceedings, but rarely buying. And, of course, crowds of folk just there for the day out, waiting for the sale of ponies to end and the Fair, the traditional fun of the fair, to begin.

And the prices? Well, back in the '30's I bought a very nice pony at Bampton Fair for 5s. Just before the war the price averaged about £1. In 1951 a six-month-old foal might fetch as much as £5. But that was a record year. Prices have fallen slightly since.

And what happens to the ponies? Well, a good many go to riding schools all over the country (or so I am told: I must admit that I do not see as many Exmoors in riding schools as I should like to) and some are exported to Canada and to Germany, in both of which countries the Exmoor has an increasing reputation as an all-purpose pony. And many more are exported to other countries. I do not know what happens to them. Nobody seems to know what happens to them, and I find that rather disquieting.

At the Fair and on the Road

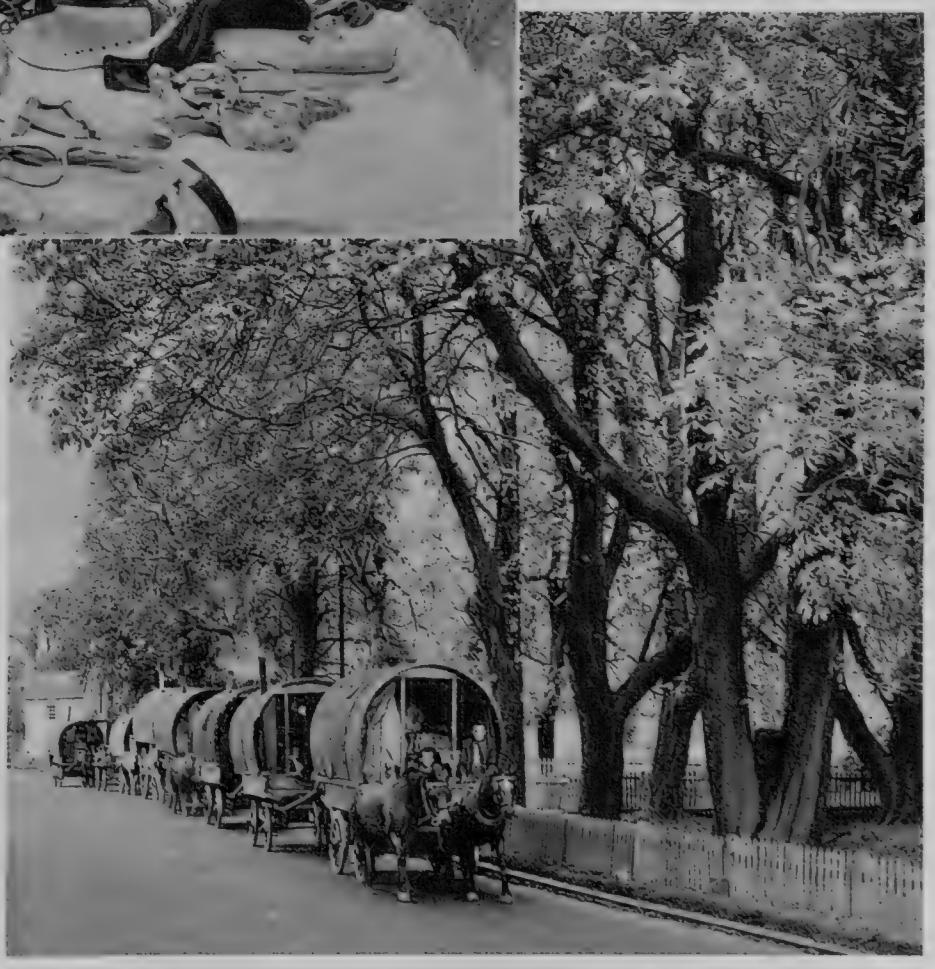
An Annual Horse Fair in Gloucestershire; On Horseback to New Zealand; Caravans on the Road

AN ANNUAL EVENT IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: *On left*—A work horse is put through its paces in the improvised auctioneer's ring at the annual horse fair at Stow-on-the-Wold, the Gloucestershire market town. Horses and ponies of many descriptions are offered for sale and, like the Bampton Fair in Devon, described by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, on the opposite page, buyers come from many parts of the country. Some of the visitors watch the proceedings from the improvised grandstand. *On left, below*—In addition to the horses and ponies there are many other accessories for sale. Some of them are displayed on the grass verges along a road and, as this picture shows, they include harness, stable equipment, agricultural tools, brooms, gumboots and walking-sticks.

Below—

AFTER THE ANNUAL YARM FAIR IN YORKSHIRE: A procession of gipsy caravans makes its way through the village of Crathorne. The gipsies had been visiting the fair which takes place each October in the main street of Yarm. The fair was first held under a charter granted by King John in 1214.

ON HORSEBACK TO NEW ZEALAND: Wing-Commander A. N. Jones, of Weybridge, Surrey, sets out with two horses, Jumbo and Chiko, on the first stage of his journey which will take him through eleven countries. It is expected to take between one-and-a-half and two years. His journey from Surrey, via Folkestone, began at the Silver Hound Riding Club, Stoke D'Abernon.



CHIOGGIA, ON THE ADRIATIC

The Fishing Boats and Unique Customs of this Fishing Port Near Venice

THE FISHING BOATS OF CHIOGGIA: After the night's fishing in the Adriatic, the large fishing vessels are tied up in one of the canals of Chioggia, the principal fishing port of Italy. It is a distance of 15¼ miles to the south of Venice, with which it is closely linked.

IN THE EARLY MORNING: Fishermen of Chioggia haul one of the fishing boats out of the water to carry out much-needed repairs. The inhabitants of the town who depend on fishing for their livelihood are finding that they are facing a financial crisis.

One of the most enchanting towns on the Adriatic, the port of Chioggia has for many centuries been linked both to Venice and to the trade of fishing. Built on an island at the southern end of the Venetian lagoon, the town is connected to the mainland by a massive stone bridge. The harbour of this major fishing port is protected from the sea by a strong breakwater. Although usually calm, the Adriatic is capable of being violent. The highly individual city with its canals and gaunt houses is remarkable for two traditional customs of its inhabitants. They speak for preference their own unique dialect and they spend the major part of the day in the streets rather than in their houses. This is not only because many of the houses are damp and in need of repair, but because it is the custom of the seaport. The eighteenth-century Italian playwright, Carlo Goldoni, recorded the habit and its results in his play which he called *Chioggia's Quarrels.*

To-day, after centuries of peaceful fishing, the inhabitants of this town are facing hardship and crisis. After the war, many of the large fishing boats urgently needed repair and became increasingly expensive to maintain. Some of the best fishing grounds in the Adriatic are off the coast of Yugoslavia. Fishermen returned with stories of being fired at by the coast-guards and of having their boats confiscated. Their life is made no easier by a constant fear of floods, especially in the outlying districts. Behind Chioggia, running as far as the ancient remains of Torcello, is a marshy flat "valley," containing lakes and canals. Many inhabitants there are forced to leave their homes in the winter when the water rises. Their life is arduous for other reasons besides flooding. Very often their most profitable fishing is done at night or in the pouring rain. Most of the fish are small in size and fetch only a low price. The fisherfolk live on small islands where nobody has much money. Drinking water is almost unobtainable and has to be brought by vendors in boats.

A SYMBOL OF PROTECTION: Each of the fishing boats sailing from the seaport has painted somewhere on it a patron saint.

The fishermen of Chioggia fish not only out at sea in the large vessels typical of the port, but also for eels in smaller craft in the salty marshes. Eels, mostly born in the Sargasso Sea, off the coast of America, return to rivers all over Europe and the rest of the world. They live in ponds or streams for several years before returning to the ocean to spawn their young. Like other fishermen, the inhabitants of the Chioggia "valley" catch the eels towards the end of their life cycle, on the way to the sea to spawn.

In the streets of the seaport, one of the typical sights is of a fisherman carefully plaiting the round straw pots used to catch

FISHING FOR EELS: A fisherman plaits straw to make one of the large circular pots used in this industry. Much fishing for eels is carried on in the marshes running from Chioggia to the ancient, ruined town of Torcello.

IN THE STREETS: The fishermen's perennial occupation when they are not out in the boats is the repair of the nets. One of the fascinating aspects of Chioggia is that the inhabitants spend most of their time in the streets.

EXAMINING THE CATCH: Every morning the fisherman examines his pots, hung in a fashion which has not changed for centuries, to see whether the night's fishing has been good or bad. Fishing is carried on at sea and in the canals and lakes behind Chioggia.

THE FASCINATION OF CHIOGGIA: In the streets of the port, women carry on their household tasks and find time to chat. While it is true that most of the houses are damp and urgently need repair, it is traditional for the women to spend most of their time outside.

the eels. Such activities are usually carried out in the streets or along the side of the canals, where the other occupations of the fishing port are to be seen every day by the visitor. Beside the main quay is the Piazzetta Vigo, with its column bearing the lion of St. Mark. A winged lion has been emblematic of Venice since the beginnings of that city. A legend tells how St. Mark the Evangelist, on his way to Aquileia, saw, near the islands of the Rialto, not far from Chioggia, the vision of an angel. Elsewhere among the canals and squares of Chioggia are other evidences of the port's long history. The so-called Granaio was built in 1322 and now serves as a market hall. In the churches are paintings ascribed to Carpaccio and to Tintoretto. Beyond the cathedral is a square planted with trees, the marble balustrade overlooks a canal and is adorned with statues, one of which, a Madonna, is held in great reverence. Perhaps this part typifies the charm of the fishing port. Chioggia has always been linked to Venice. It suffered destruction at the hands of the Genoese in 1379, but the Venetians under Vittor Pisani succeeded in shutting up the Genoese fleet in the harbour. Their subsequent surrender marked the end of the struggle between the two maritime cities of Italy. The Doges of Venice always looked with great favour on the fishermen of Chioggia and afforded them protection.

PATTERN OF SHIPS: In the early morning light, the fishing boats lie tied up to the quayside of a canal. Chioggia's picturesque beauty and individual charm have attracted many tourists and artists. The inhabitants speak their own peculiar dialect.

The Sphere of Travel

IN NORTH-WEST SWITZERLAND

A Journey Through an Attractive Countryside Providing a Diversity of Interests

By GORDON COOPER

IN terms of that most unfortunate tourist-yardstick, the number of hotel beds, north-western Switzerland lags sadly behind almost every other part of Switzerland. Yet this should not deter anyone from visiting this corner of the country, for in the area there is an unexpected variety of interests. Although there may not be quite the scenic fireworks provided by the customary popular resorts elsewhere, you will on the other hand discover many little towns of unsung charms, and pleasant lakes, as well as an attractive countryside.

That most delightful of Swiss cities, Berne, makes an excellent centre from which to explore north-west Switzerland, for there are no great distances to be covered. At the same time, there are various other smaller places where it would be pleasant to dawdle for a few days' holiday. Among them I would include Murten, Solothurn, Neuchâtel, and for those who like to be out in the open countryside of the Jura, Saignelégier, Porrentruy, St.-Ursanne and possibly Délémont.

Berne is surely one of the world's most photogenic cities, not only for its curving, medieval streets and eighteenth-century houses but for its remarkable location within, and high above, a hairpin bend of the River Aare. It is a city of childlike enchantment, and a sceptical eye is out of place. But if you like arcaded streets with some of the most modern-designed shops in Europe, gold and scarlet fountains rising from their nests of geraniums, enormous clocks clanging out the hours, balcony flowers on almost every building, and the famous and adorable bears, then you will certainly be happy and mightily satisfied with the Swiss Federal capital. I rank it high in my own list of the most "lovable" centres in Europe.

Perhaps it is the Bear Pit which entices me most in Berne, for its ultra-greedy inmates are endlessly fascinating. They make shameless pigs of themselves, with all their posturing and begging for tit-bits, but they do it with an air. They lie on their backs, fold their paws, and will do almost anything for alms. They like especially milk, figs and carrots (60 lb. at a "sitting"), but their gluttony means they must appear in changing shifts to entertain visitors. Their lives are quite brief—they have to be shot when they are six to seven years old—but they are always replaced to maintain a total of fifteen bears. Small wonder that the bear is the symbol of the city.

The other sights of Berne are of great variety but most of them "see themselves." They include the great Minster, the Bundeshaus (Federal Parliament), and any number of good museums. Take the trouble, too, to arrange through the tourist office for a permit to visit the Town Hall, a delightful building. The fountains, each with its own story to tell, and the daily performance of the Zytglogge (Berne's clock tower) provide an unusual kind of interest. If you are climatically lucky, you can see at twilight on a clear evening the incomparable natural phenomenon of the *Alpenglüh* on distant snow peaks. The infinite beauty and variety of shadings in coloration are beyond the power of vision to grasp and certainly beyond the power of words to express.

Incidentally, Berne has two of the best city hotels in Switzerland, the Schweizerhof and the Bellevue-Palace. The latter, at which I stayed on a recent visit, has a superb location high on a bluff above the Aare, with a glorious view of the Bernese Alps; and its cuisine is really first-class. There are also several excellent modestly-priced hotels, and many good restaurants, including the typical Cornhouse Cellar, its outstanding feature being a famous 10,000-gallon beer barrel.

Outside of Berne, and within easy reach, are two cities that deserve far more attention from travellers than they ever receive: Bienne and Solothurn. The former has as its chief industry watchmaking, but its old town replete with unlikely "operetta" squares, odd, twisting lanes and a flower-bedecked Rathaus, also several quaint fountains, fully justifies a visit. Nearby is Lake Bienne, with its St. Peter's Island (now the end of a peninsula) where is one of Rousseau's hiding-places, looking just as he left it. The local wines are excellent.

Solothurn is also a charming city, resembling Berne in many ways, for there are the same old gabled houses, with their gay window-boxes, and much the same kind of curious fountains. Within this walled town are several interesting sights, including a cathedral and a gabled, black-tiled arsenal in which among the exhibits is a little armoured dwarf who, when you raise his visor, squirts a jet of water in your face. Above the town rises the Weissenstein, one of the loftier summits of the Jura, whence there is a glorious panoramic view, which Hilaire Belloc in his enchanting book, *The Path to Rome*, claimed that it "belongs to the category of things that make a man stop breathing." Not far from Solothurn is the nearby village of Selzach, where every other summer the peasants give performances of a Passion Play.

Murten lies west of Berne, and it is one of the best-preserved wall towns in Europe. It is superbly situated above its lake, and its heavily arcaded main street wafts you right back into medieval days. Facing on to the lake is an idyllic hotel, Le Vieux Manoir, said to offer the best cuisine in Switzerland, while nearby is Avenches, once known as Aventicum, the chief Roman colony in Helvetia. Here are some of the most interesting Roman remains in Switzerland.

Among the other towns and villages in this "deserted" tourist area of Switzerland I would like to include Fribourg, and Romont, and, north-east of Berne, Burgdorf. Fribourg is the most Catholic city in Switzerland and the most picturesque of its size. The town, on the steep bank of the valley above the River Sarine, is noted for its University, its Cathedral, and in the old town its ancient burgher houses, with Gothic windows protected by wrought-iron grilles, and with sculptured doors and finely-carved statues. If opportunity offers, an organ recital in the Cathedral provides an unforgettable experience, especially when the organist concludes with a storm piece—a most realistic performance.

Romont is one of the most dramatic of hill towns to look at or to look from. It is a sleepy little medieval town perched on a solitary hill behind its encircling thirteenth-century ramparts. From the castle terrace, there is a panoramic view embracing the whole range of the Alps from Mont Blanc to the Bernese Oberland. The town also has two peculiar round towers, of unknown purpose.

I went to Burgdorf in the hopes of seeing a Swiss peasant game called *Hornussen*, but luck served me badly in this respect. The game itself is a kind of golf, in which the player (*Schläger*), holding a club longer than himself, swats a wooden disc from a tee and may send it sailing 1,000 ft. down a fixed course to land within prescribed markings on a meadow fairway. Defenders, called "killers," try to kill the shot by striking down the "flying saucer" or turning it aside with a sort of racket. Fortunately, I found Burgdorf itself to be an attractive town, and it possesses one of Switzerland's most remarkable castles, a three-turreted relic of the Middle Ages, which looms up with boldness upon a hilltop above the town.

ON BOTH BANKS OF THE RIVER AARE: The pleasant, small Swiss town of Solothurn is noted for its wooded surroundings, gabled houses, its cathedral and arsenal. The latter, built in the seventeenth century, houses the municipal armoury.

BED AND BREAKFAST—

Bed and breakfast is one of those peculiar British terms which seems to have no counterpart on the Continent, where you book a room at a price usually stated on the back of the bedroom door and pay for meals as you want them. But to the business-man, the motorist or the visitor to town on a lightning trip, bed and breakfast is a convenient combination, so that one knows exactly what it costs beforehand when picking up the key and tariff card at the reception desk the night before. In Paris, for an example, hotel bills never seem to bear any relation to the original cost of the room after breakfast, taxes and service have been added. Continental hoteliers could adopt the British method with profit.

Prices of bed and breakfast in this country vary from city to city and from town to town. In London a single room with breakfast at the Dorchester costs you £7 1s. 6d. for one night; at Grosvenor House £4 18s.; at the Hyde Park £4 11s.; at the Park Lane from £3 7s. 6d.; at the Piccadilly from £3 12s. 6d.; at St. Ermin's £3; and at the Strand Palace 37s. 6d.

Birmingham prices are much more modest. At the Grand, for instance, the price is 39s. 6d., and at the Midland it is the same. Liverpool is a little more expensive. At the Adelphi, for a single room and breakfast you can be charged from 50s. to 52s. 6d. At the Exchange in Tithebarn Street, 43s. to 48s. is the price, but at the Lord Nelson the charge is only round about a guinea. In Manchester you can get bed and breakfast at the Midland from 52s. to 54s. 6d., and at the Queens from 37s. 6d. to 45s.

The Railway hotels in Glasgow have varying rates. The Central charges 52s. 6d. to 64s., the North British 44s. to 51s., and at St. Enoch's the price is 39s. 6d. to 52s. More's, a smaller hotel in India Street, quotes a flat rate of 39s. 6d. Single rooms with baths naturally cost more. The extra charge varies from 10s. to £1 in places like Glasgow, although in London most of the prices stated already include this amenity.

It is interesting to compare these prices with those on the Continent in cities like Paris, Zurich and Rome, although to be fair, commercial centres on a par with Birmingham should be included. Bed and breakfast

ON A PENINSULA FORMED BY THE RIVER SARINE: In the picturesque town of Fribourg, the wooden covered bridge (centre), the Pont de Berne, leads to the Place des Forgerons (left). Left is the Porte de Berne and above it is the Tour Rouge. Spanning the valley (centre background) is the Pont du Gotteron. In the farther background is the Tour du Dürrenbühl.

HOME AND ABROAD

at the George V in Paris costs £3 to £4, plus 15 per cent. gratuities and a Government tax of 10 per cent. on the room only. A similar price is charged at the Crillon, although at the Ritz it costs you from £5 to £6. It should be pointed out that rooms at the minimum rate are seldom available. Estimates should be based on maximum charges. At the Hotel Scribe breakfast is included in the room rate of from £2 14s. 6d. to £3. At the Hotel du Louvre the same is also true. Bed and breakfast costs from £1 18s. 6d. to £2 12s. 6d.

A single room with bath at the Hotel Baur au Lac, in Zurich, costs from £2 3s. to £3 3s., plain breakfast being charged 5s. 6d. extra. At the Dolder Grand the price is similar. Plain breakfast is included in the room rates quoted by the Hotel Ascot, which range from £1 18s. 6d. in the low season to £2 10s. 6d. in the high. Other first-class hotels like the Bellerive au Lac also include plain breakfast in the room rates, which range between £2 10s. and £3—12s. 9d. extra when eggs and bacon are included. It should be remembered, of course, that from October 1 to April 30 heating charges have to be added on as an extra.

The 18 per cent. added for gratuities in Rome puts a good deal on to the price, although the Government tax is only 1 per cent. Prices for heating between November 1 and April 30 vary from hotel to hotel. At first-class hotels from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per person per day is charged. At the Bernini-Bristol bed and breakfast costs just over £2 17s. 6d.; at the Excelsior, where reservations are only accepted on at least this basis, it costs from £2 19s. to £3 13s.; at the Palace and Ambassadors £2 16s.; at the Eden £2 16s., and at the Metropole from £2 5s. to £2 11s.

In Turin, where there are no de luxe hotels, at several first-class establishments rooms with bath and plain breakfast cost roughly £1 18s.

It would seem that while prices in our provincial hotels can stand comparison with those on the Continent, those in London, especially when of a de luxe standard, appear to charge rather more. This is undoubtedly due to the great shortage of first-class hotel accommodation in Britain's capital. There are just not enough rooms with baths to go round. **W.D.C.C.**

Different in character is the Swiss Jura, the great watch-making sector of the country, where the air is wonderfully fresh and clear, and there are many lovely lost villages in the hills—seldom seen by Britons, yet so richly worth seeing. This region has a sure appeal for those who like to veer away from beaten tracks. Everybody goes through it. Nobody goes to it. I suggest you might well care to be the exception.

For the southern part of the Swiss Jura, Neuchâtel is a recommended base. The city itself, lying beside the Lake of Neuchâtel, has a truly elegant atmosphere, and it is claimed that the French spoken here is as good as anything which you can hear in France. There is a number of noble old buildings built in beautiful gold-brown limestone, while from the lakeside gardens magnificent distant views across the lake can be enjoyed. I still remember the pleasure derived by staying in the Beaulac Hotel, which is built over the water of the lake, and watching from my room the ever-changing scene.

North-east of Neuchâtel, and easily reached by train, is Moutier, a slightly dull town but the best centre from which to explore the more attractive portion of the Jura Mountains. In many parts this countryside is rather bare and windswept, but there are forests of dark pines, while torrents splash noisily through rocky ravines. It is a wonderful district for the walker and also for horse-riding—Saignelégier offering good facilities for the latter. I like, too, Porrentruy, an interesting town with beautiful baroque buildings and dominated by an old castle (thirteenth century) and the charming medieval town of St.-Ursanne, with ancient town gates and a famous collegiate church: it lies in the picturesque valley of the Doubs.

Between St.-Ursanne and Délémont (another pleasant town in which to stay), a detour should be made to visit the church at Courfaivre, for it contains some outstandingly attractive modern glass.

It was in the Jura that Hans Andersen wrote some of his loveliest legends, and within this area the traveller who seeks to get away from the beaten track will find many other lonely villages, where the only sound is the clash of cowbells. Needless to say, even the humblest of inns there offers satisfactory accommodation. Altogether, the Jura is a part of Switzerland which can be strongly recommended.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, *Strand*, *London*, *W.C.2.*

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Berne	BELLEVUE PALACE, BRISTOL
Solothurn	KRONE
Bienne	ELITE
Murten	LE VIEUX MANOIR
Burgdorf	STADTHAUS
Neuchâtel	BEAULAC
Saignelégier	DE LA GARE

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

There are many people who want to have a Christmas holiday away from home, and in comfortable surroundings and with cheerful company. In addition to the special parties held in the various Winter Sports resorts—and you need not be an active skier to join in the jolly social life—there are other possibilities, but I must warn you that immediate booking is essential, for there is always a heavy demand for what is available.

(i) Cook's offer a Christmas Party in Paris, with a special dinner on Christmas Day and the opportunity to join a Reveillon supper on Christmas Eve which is the occasion favoured by the French for their celebrations. The departure date is December 24, returning on December 27, and the inclusive charge is from £21 7s.

(ii) Erna Low Travel Service has arranged a most appealing Christmas Party in Vienna (December 20 to 28 or January 4); the cost from £33 18s. There is also a similar kind of party at San Remo, while there are also several Christmas house parties at attractive country houses—schools during term-time. Erna Low has also opportunities available for comfort-lovers in small hotels and country clubs, such as those at Crowthorne (Berks), Broome Park (Kent), and Cooden, near Bexhill-on-Sea (Sussex).

(iii) Also in England, are the organised parties held in a number of Trust Houses. These include this company's hotels at Windermere, Hereford, Ascot, Colchester, Stratford-on-Avon, King's Lynn, Scarborough, Newbury and Harrogate. The daily rates at this time range from 60s. to 75s.

(iv) The Greek Line is running a Christmas-New Year's Holiday Cruise to the Atlantic Isles (Las Palmas, Tenerife, Madeira), taking 16 days, the minimum rate being £68. I travelled recently on the ship used for this excursion—the S.S. *Arkadia*—and can commend it highly in every way.

THEATRE'S WORKSHOP

Old Vic Annexe—a Building for Properties and Costumes

The Old Vic Annexe, which was opened by the Queen in March, was built at a cost of about £90,000. This sum was raised by the earnings of the Old Vic tours overseas as part of the Five-Year Folio Plan (1953-1958) and by a generous grant from the City Parochial Foundation. The Annexe, on a bombed site in Webber Street, only a few yards from the theatre, is not designed to add to the architectural beauty of London. Its purpose is strictly functional—to give the Old Vic substantial economies by bringing the scenic, property and wardrobe departments under one roof and near to the theatre. Previously the wardrobe and wardrobe stores were housed in two buildings in Betterton Street, off Drury Lane, and the scenery workshops in a converted chapel in the Vale of Health, Hampstead. The painting was done on a small frame installed in the scene dock of the theatre itself. In the new premises the wardrobe store is in the basement, the production office and property workshops on the ground floor and the wardrobe on the first floor. Above these is a paint room containing the largest paint frames (90 ft. long, 30 ft. high) in the country. At the back of the building there is a single-storeyed carpenter's shop with a covered loading bay, above which are the Governors' offices and boardroom.

A NEW ANNEXE FOR A FAMOUS LONDON THEATRE: Property makers are at work in the Old Vic Annexe, erected adjacent to the theatre to house its scenic, property and wardrobe workshops. Under the guidance of Helen Thomas, property mistress (background), Michael Delaney, Katie Drew-Wilkinson and Pauline Kraay prepare objects for Ibsen's *Ghosts* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

COSTUMES FOR NEW PRODUCTIONS: In the costume workshop Phyllis Dohoo compares a costume with a sketch; Sue Jackson, a cutter, examines material; Greta Woolf and Marjorie Tye work sewing machines. Plentiful light is provided by long windows.

ARMOUR AND JEWELLERY: It is being prepared in the property department by Constance Olden (left), Audrey Taylor and Susan Gorley. The construction of the Old Vic Annexe has enabled all the production departments to be housed under one roof. This will effect a great saving in time and labour. Previously, the departments had been in different parts of London.

On right—
EXTERIOR VIEW: The most imposing external feature of the new building is a tower which contains a lift shaft and a water tank. Situated on a bombed site in Webber Street, adjacent to the Old Vic, the Annexe was designed by Messrs. Lyons, Israel and Ellis, of Great Portland Street, and was constructed by Messrs. Charles S. Foster and Sons, of Loughton. The finance of the entire project, which cost in the region of £90,000, was obtained mainly from the extra-mural earnings of the Old Vic both in this country and overseas.

AT WORK IN THE PAINT ROOM: Scenic artists busy themselves in the spacious studio-type room, which is of sufficient depth to enable complete sets of scenery to be erected and painted before being transferred to the stage. The paint frames are the largest in the country.

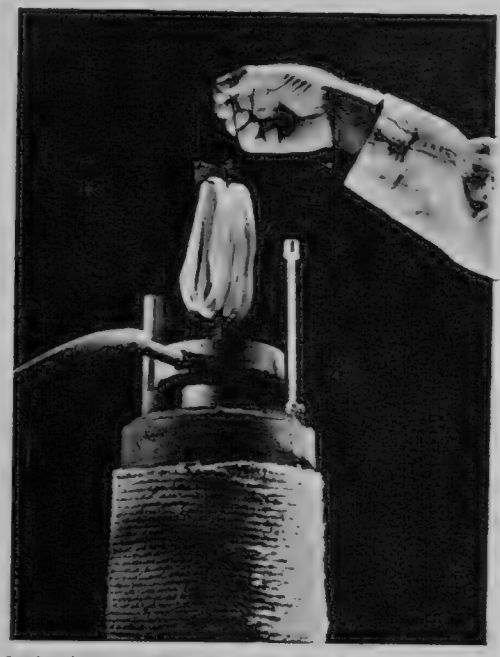
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

RECESSION IN RAYON: *The Battle of the Man-made Fibres*

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN Courtaulds Limited announced last month that it would pay the same interim dividend as a year before, it nevertheless warned its shareholders that its current trading profits were down, and that profits of British Nylon Spinners, which it owns jointly with I.C.I., were down as well. This summer its chairman, Sir John Hanbury-Williams, said that its merger with British Celanese in 1956 had been only the beginning of a period of change for Courtaulds: it now had to face a diversification of investment that might make textiles a smaller part of its activities. During recent months it has been closing a number of textile mills, continuing the rationalisation and pruning of surplus capacity that began when Celanese came into the group. And its most significant plans for expansion are not in textiles at all, but on the petrochemical side of the Celanese works at Spondon.

The shift of emphasis was partly a matter of the internal balance of Britain's largest producer of man-made fibres. But it was equally a reminder that the textile depression that has ground down Lancashire cotton over the last five years, and put the wool textile industry of Yorkshire into (rather less gruelling) difficulties, has affected the newer textiles, too. Their proportionate share of total textile business has been growing; but that total business, so far as Britain is concerned, has been contracting. Within the field of synthetic fibres, the competition between established and newly-developed fibres has been sharpening, and this competition is a battle of giants. In contrast to the craft traditions and small firms of cotton and wool, the manufacture of rayon, nylon and the newer fibres is dominated by big firms, with huge investments in plant, research and development to pay off with the sales of their rival textiles.



THE MANUFACTURE OF TERYLENE: A small portion of spun Terylene filament yarn undergoes a process known as moisture testing in the Terylene Plant of the Wilton, North Yorkshire, works of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited. *On right*—Individual tows of Terylene staple fibre are brought together before entering the drawing and crimping machine. The plant covers an area of 30 acres and at present has an annual capacity of 30,000,000 lb. of Terylene filament yarn and of staple fibre.

It has been so almost since the beginning of this industry—which dates roughly from the last time that Courtaulds felt impelled to diversify its activities. Towards the end of the last century it was a silk-throwing and silk fabric manufacturing firm that had managed to withstand foreign competition better than most other British silk firms, largely because its speciality happened to be black crepe during the prolonged period of mourning that followed the death of the Prince Consort. During the '90's it took an interest in a viscose fibre that had been developed by a firm of consulting chemists in Lincoln's Inn; and in 1904 its chief chemist persuaded the company to take over the British patent rights for viscose spinning. The half-century since that decision spans most of the commercial history of the man-made textiles industry.

That history has been one of continuous and almost hectic technical change : in sharp contrast to the natural textiles, this has been from the outset a "science-based" industry. The notion of doing artificially the job of extruding cellulose into a thread that the silk-worm does naturally, efficiently, but with a low "yield" that makes silk expensive—one must blame his human collaborators for this, since we manage to wind off only a few hundred yards of the 3,000 yards of silk that this caterpillar spins round his body—had tantalised scientists since the middle of the seventeenth century. Many expedients were tried, such as the treating of mulberry leaves with nitric acid; but it was not until 1883 that Sir Joseph Swan produced the first practical artificial fibre by squirting a solution of nitro-cellulose into a bath of alcohol that coagulated the jets into threads. And Swan took no commercial interest in its textile possibilities: he was after a filament for the newly-discovered electric lamp.

However, other people were interested. Commercial development of a similar artificial silk began in France about 1890; it was followed in Germany by a different "cuprammonium" fibre; and Britain began to develop the viscose process which rapidly rose to dominate the rayon industry (it still does). Courtaulds was weaving its first viscose fabrics by 1906, marketing it on a wide scale by 1910. Acetate rayon, which is "spun"—i.e., extruded into filaments—dry, as against the "wet" spinning of viscose, came a little later; the Dreyfus brothers, who had been making cellulose "dopes" for the fabric wings of military aircraft during the First World War at a factory at Spondon, turned the works over to making this "British Celanese" rayon after the war. Courtaulds, meanwhile, was developing "staple fibre," short fibres to be spun as natural fibres are, as against the continuous filament form in which all man-made fibres first come from the "spinneret."

Development did not slacken. By the '20's the industry had surpassed silk in output and was having to achieve its expansion by competing with much cheaper fibres, primarily cotton. Cheaper processes were developed—usually involving larger and larger units of plant—and high-tenacity rayon was developed to challenge cotton in the industrial textile markets, particularly in tyres.

But the emphasis of research into fibres was shifting —towards what are sometimes called the "true synthetics." Rayon in its various forms, and the protein fibres such as Ardil, are technically "regenerated fibres," in that they are produced by breaking down and then reconstituting natural materials, primarily cellulose. True synthetic fibres, such as Nylon, Terylene, Orlon and the acrylic fibres, are new hydrocarbon chemical compounds derived from sources such as coal and oil. Nylon was developed after years of systematic research in the Dupont laboratories during the late '20's and early '30's: Terylene in 1941 by British chemists working for Calico Printers Limited, from a group of compounds which during their work on nylon the American researchers had written off as unlikely to offer a practical fibre.

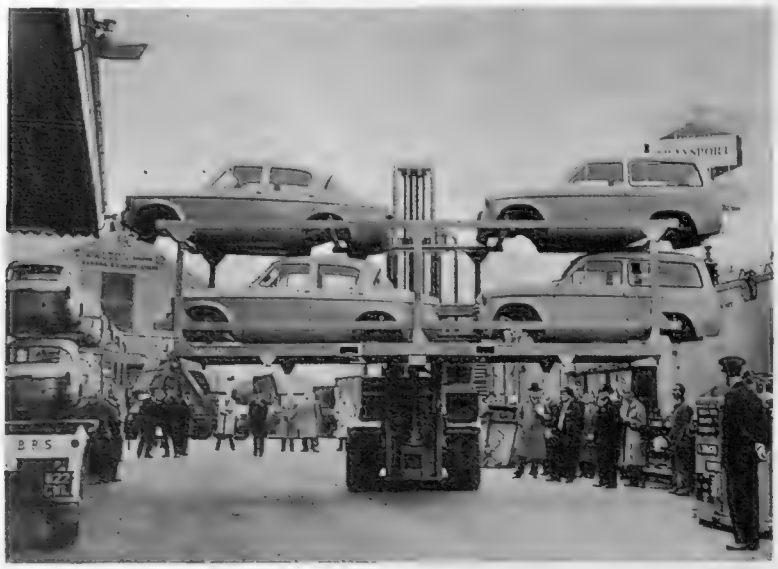
Nylon is said to have cost Dupont 27,000,000 dollars before any was produced on a commercial scale: Terylene was originated in a small laboratory costing Calico Printers about £20,000 a year, but its development after Imperial Chemical Industries bought the patent rights cost about £4,000,000 and the investment in the first commercial plant required another £15,000,000. So these are expensive fibres to start producing. Large-scale output has to be achieved to write off research and development costs and make them saleable at competitive prices. Nylon immediately achieved what any such new fibre really needs—one market in which its performance was so superior to most existing materials as to gain it almost a monopoly.

Stockings have brought huge returns to Dupont and to their licensees such as British Nylon Spinners, which is jointly owned by I.C.I. and Courtaulds; moreover, they have provided a commercial base for the development of much wider uses for this synthetic fibre. Terylene has no single sector of its market of comparable strength; but it is a fibre of outstanding qualities, superior to nylon in a number of applications, and I.C.I.—which in this case does the spinning as well as production of the basic material entirely on its own account—has shown confidence in its continued success and expansion by increasing and now planning to extend further the total capacity of its plant.

These two materials are now approaching the point at which their heavy development costs will have been written off, making it possible for their producers to cut prices enough to reach a considerably wider segment of the textile market. Moreover, the basic patents for these new synthetics are running out, which will allow other producers to enter even without licence: opposition to the extension of the Terylene patents has shown how anxious other companies may be to begin spinning this fibre, too. The price trend of these synthetics must be downward.

Competition for rayon itself, therefore, is tightening. It has to sell against the natural fibres, primarily cotton, basically on price; this favoured it for a time after the war, but to-day the prices of natural fibres have fallen. In the clothing textile field, it may have reached its peak of sales. It has achieved a considerable expansion as an industrial fibre since the war, but here, too, the newer synthetics are beginning to encroach. It has a number of new technical refinements in its own armoury, such as the tri-acetate fibres and its acrylic Courtelle; but there can be considerable risk in bringing a new fibre on to the market too soon, and I.C.I., for example, has owned the rights to produce Orlon here for some time without having yet decided to introduce it. There is considerable appeal in a new name; but it has to have an equally new combination of useful qualities, and one or two fabrics, such as Ardil, have fallen by the wayside despite intensive sales promotion.

The man-made fibres to-day represent about 20-25 per cent. of Britain's total textile production, and a rather larger proportion of home textile sales, with Courtaulds alone supplying about a fifth of all Britain's textiles. But with the level of those total sales static or drooping, and dogged, fairly effective defence by the natural fibres, the scientific ingenuity that constantly brings forward new man-made fibres makes for congestion—and concentration —in this crowded market, and causes even giants such as Courtaulds to look elsewhere for their greatest expansion.

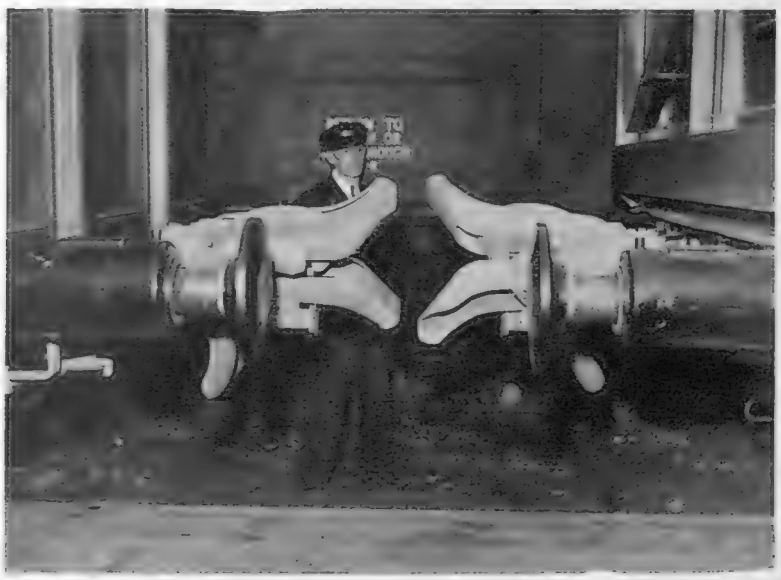


FREIGHT TRANSPORT EXHIBITION

A powerful S and D freight-lifter moves the bodies of four cars on a special pallet to place them on a road trailer, during a demonstration at the British Railways and British Road Services Freight Transport Exhibition, at British Railways' Battersea Wharf Goods Depot. The exhibition was arranged by the B.T.C. to give the public an opportunity of seeing a selection of the modern equipment used and developments which are taking place in the nati on-wide freight services offered by B.R. and B.R.S. The heavy-duty fork-lift truck can lift over 8 tons as a fork lift, can be converted into a mobile crane capable of lifting 6¾ tons and, with a lifting frame, can handle containers of up to 7¼ tons. An automatic freight stock coupler (*below*), produced by Dowty Hydraulic Units Ltd. (a member of the Dowty Group of Companies), was also demonstrated at the exhibition. The unit is completely automatic in operation, incorporates simultaneous connections of the vacuum brake pipe and is compatible with all existing freight stock. It will engage and lock under a wide range of track curvature and gradient conditions, while uncoupling is achieved by operating a lever mounted on either side of each wagon.

GERMANY'S GIGANTIC GAS HOLDER

Now in the final stages of construction at Wuppertal, in West Germany, is this enormous spherical gas container, which is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. The 164-ft.-high structure will have a capacity of nearly 8,000,000 cub. ft. Built from steel plates more than an inch thick, it weighs 1,880 tons. The container will be fed from a pipeline from the Ruhr. Some impression of its size can be gained by comparing it with the three boys standing in the foreground and also by the men engaged in work on top of the structure.



A NEW POST OFFICE IN CENTRAL AFRICA

The new Post Office at Lusaka, in Northern Rhodesia, has been built by John Howard and Co. (Africa) Ltd., a wholly-owned subsidiary of John Howard and Co. Ltd. It is a five-storey building with a floor area of approximately 70,000 sq. ft., and has cost £250,000. The frame of the building is of reinforced concrete with brick; at one corner of the building (in the centre of the picture) the staircase above the entrance is enclosed by glass walls. The new Post Office was opened recently by Mr. John Greenfield, Minister of Law and Acting Minister of Posts for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

NEW BUILDING FOR INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS

At Greenford, in Middlesex, this new office block for Honeywell Controls Ltd., overlooks the River Brent. It is divided horizontally into five separate units, three of which are devoted to office accommodation; one to a training school and canteen, and the other, in the basement, to heating and services. The construction consists of a reinforced concrete frame which supports precast concrete floor units. Below the windows the cavity walls are faced with panels of precast concrete with exposed aggregate of green granite. Above the ground floor level, the facing slabs are of precast reconstructed Portland stone. Inside the building the office space is generally used without partition walls. Clive Pascall and Peter Watson were the architects for the building; the London Ferro-Concrete Company Ltd., were responsible for the reinforced concrete structure, and J. Gerrard and Sons Ltd., were the contractors.

On left—

CHANGING LANDSCAPE

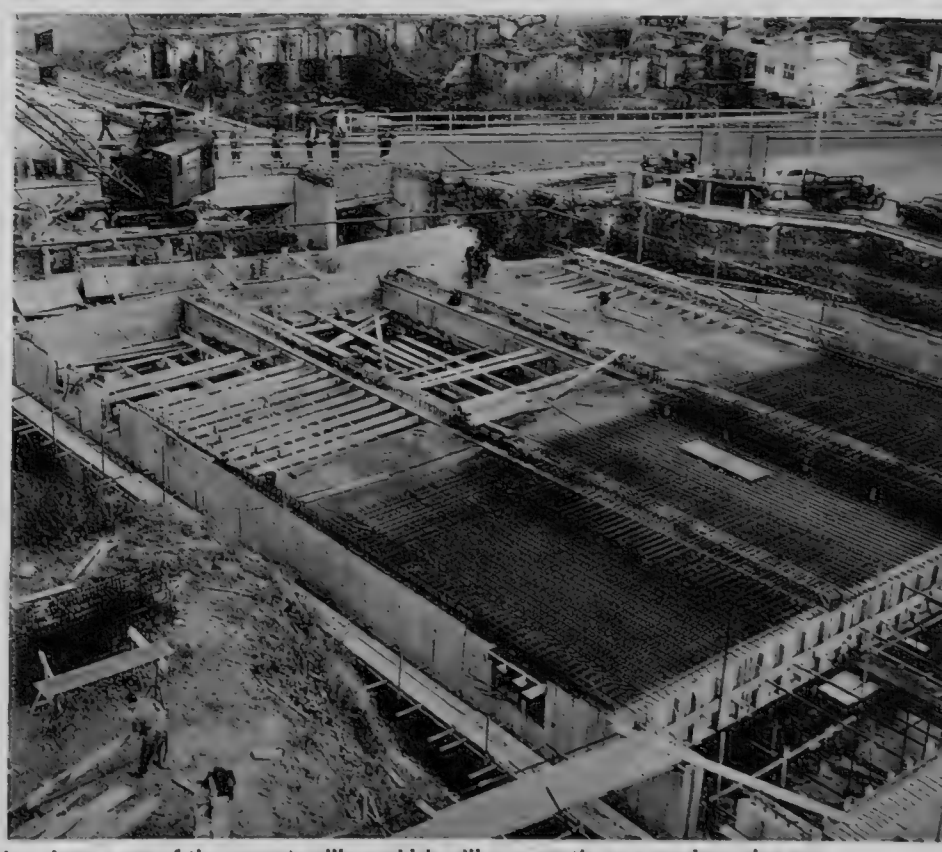
The path of the London to Birmingham motorway under construction near the Dunstable Road fly-over, in Bedfordshire, cuts through the countryside, giving some idea of Britain's rapidly changing landscape. Although the existing road (on the right of the picture) is still mainly used, some traffic is now able to follow the course of the new road at this point, passing under a tunnel which forms part of one of the overhead roads. The construction of the motorway, which was inaugurated only eight months ago, is now in such an advanced stage that already long stretches of the ground along which the route curves and winds have been excavated. In some cases, the concrete road foundations for lengths carrying dual-carriageways have been laid. Not only that, but many of the bridges, footpaths and roundabouts are quickly taking shape.

In each four-mile stretch of motorway, the material removed from the cuttings is enough to provide for the embankments in the same stretch. Thus, materials do not have to be hauled expensively for long distances. Where the route lies across hills and valleys, cuttings and embankments have been made involving the excavation of 5,000,000 cubic yards of earth. Where existing roads cut across the line of the motorway, temporary diversions have been built. Britain's "highway of the future," which will be the first large-scale motorway to be completed in this country, has been described as "the most extended civil operation since the railways were built."

Below—

CITY'S NEW HIGHWAY

Work is now well under way on the construction of a new road between Aldersgate Street and Moorgate, forming the first section of the projected Route 11 in the City of London. This section forms part of a long-term plan drawn up to relieve the more congested areas of the City by providing a new west-east route from an enlarged Ludgate Circus to Aldgate. It is, however, complete in itself in that it will form a by-pass to the Bank intersection for traffic between Newgate Street and Moorgate. The new road will be 600 yards in length and will carry two three-lane carriageways and two 12-ft. footpaths. The City Corporation is building beneath the road an underground car park extending over the whole width of the carriageways, for a length of about 400 yards. The scheme takes advantage of the existing levels and will provide parking space for up to 250 vehicles, over which the road will run in the form of a continuous viaduct of reinforced concrete. There will be five entrances or exits to the car park.



WORK IN PROGRESS ON ROUTE 11—A NEW HIGHWAY IN THE CITY OF LONDON: *Left*—The view shows some of the concrete pillars which will support the new road running over an underground car park capable of accommodating up to 250 vehicles. *Right*—An almost completed section of the road, which is being constructed to help relieve some of the congested traffic areas of the City of London. Building has now been in progress for a year and the work is expected to be completed towards the end of 1959.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENT: In this picture, taken in 1901, the twenty-year-old Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli sits between two fellow seminarists in Rome. The future Pope was ordained in August 1904.

HIS FIRST ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENT: Father Roncalli, when he was Private Secretary to the Bishop of Bergamo. He was appointed after his ordination.

SERVICE IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR: The uniform that of a chaplain in the Italian Army. Fath Roncalli also served for a year in the Medical Corp

ON PASTORAL DUTIES: The Patriarch of Venice is seen after he had presented colours to the Italian destroyer *San Marco*. He fulfils the folklore prophecy that the new Pope should be *Pastor et Nauta*.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO TURKEY: Archbishop Roncalli sits in the middle of a group of Capuchin monks in Istanbu From 1925 to 1945 he was Apostolic delegate successively to Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey. He establishe excellent relations with the Orthodox Church in the Balkans and was highly respected by the Muslims

THE NEW POPE— PASTOR AND DIPLOMATIST

Pictures and Details of the Career to Date of John XXIII

On the election of Cardinal Roncalli as Pope, his assumption of the name of John XXIII caused widespread speculation. Significance was read into the fact that the previous John—XXII—had been a late medieval Avignon Pontiff and a Frenchman. Students of Gibbon recalled that there had historically already been a John XXIII (now officially listed as an anti-pope) in the early fifteenth century, but obtained little satisfaction from looking up the relevant passage beyond enjoying some of the most barbed invective in the English language. While controversy continued over the future policy of the Vatican under its new Head—would it be " political " or " pastoral," " traditionalist " or " innovating " ?—one important matter was overlooked.

This was the new Pope's own reasons for taking his name. In the Sistine Chapel, after he had been offered and accepted election, he told the Cardinals he would be known as John because it was the title of the humble parish church in which he was baptised and also the name of his father.

Such a simple explanation is in keeping with the character of the man who has succeeded Pius XII. Unlike his predecessor, who was a Roman aristocrat, Pope John XXIII is a peasant from the north of Italy. His father was a peasant farmer in the village of Sotto il Monte, near Bergamo, and there was born on November 25, 1881, his first son and third of his children, who were to number thirteen. He was christened Angelo Giuseppe.

The boy early learnt the harsh demands made on those who make their living from the soil before he joined the Episcopal Seminary in Bergamo to study for Holy Orders. Soon after the turn of the century he went on to Rome to complete his syllabus and was there ordained in 1904. At once he was recalled to Bergamo to become Private Secretary to the Bishop, Monsignor Radini-Tedeschi, who was a prominent leader in the Catholic Social Movement. With a break during the First World War, first as a sergeant in the Italian Army Medical Corps and then as a chaplain, Father Roncalli remained until 1921 in these duties which brought him into touch with both the episcopal hierarchy and the ordinary people. Then Pope Benedict XV summoned him to Rome to take charge of the Organisation for the Propagation of the Faith in Italy.

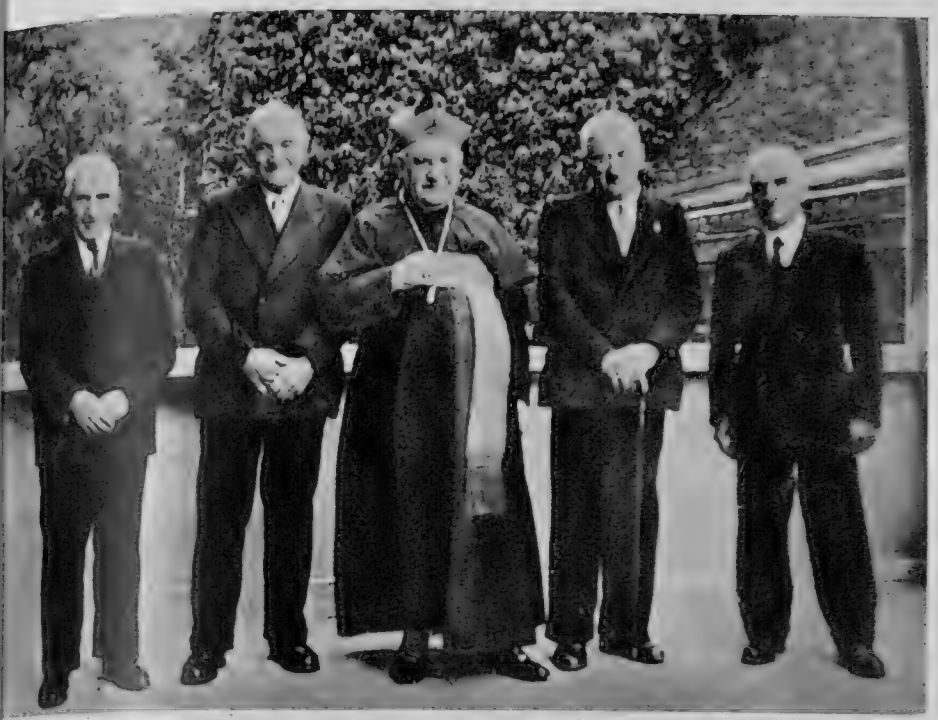
Four years later he embarked on a career in diplomacy lasting until well after the Second World War. Created titular Archbishop of Areopoli, he was Apostolic delegate, first to Bulgaria, next to Greece and finally to Turkey. A measure of his success in these posts is to be gathered from the fact that when he was created Cardinal in 1953, the Turkish Government took the unprecedented step of sending him official congratulations.

Before receiving his Hat, an even more testing diplomatic task awaited him, that of Papal Nuncio to France in 1945. The division of the country between the victorious Gaullists and the defeated Pétainists was reflected in the French Church. There were demands for the removal of several bishops on grounds of their conduct during the German occupation. The Nuncio handled the problem with tact and a delicate appreciation of French feeling and very soon had established himself in the good graces of almost all opinions.

He was named a Cardinal in the Consistory of January 1953, and three days later was appointed Patriarch of Venice, where he stayed until he was elected Supreme Pontiff at the end of last month. Thus in Pope John can be seen a combination of Pastor and diplomatist. He has also spent some time as a theological teacher and written a number of books on Church history and doctrine.

Those who search in his past career to see something of the lines of the policy he will formulate should certainly take all this into consideration. But they will probably find their best clues in studying his very matter-of-fact down-to-earth sayings. Such as his view on government: " See everything, turn a blind eye to much of it, correct little." Or: " Do things, know how they are done, give others things to do, have things done for you and let things take their course."

With such a man in control, it seems probable that there will be a change from the concentration of power into his own hands followed by Pius XII. Yet John XXIII must still be regarded as a traditionalist. For he has taken a name which has been assumed by more than any other in the whole long list of Bishops of Rome.



FAMILY GROUP IN 1951: The then Papal Nuncio to France stands with four of his brothers. Their father was a peasant farmer in the village of Sotto il Monte, near Bergamo, in north Italy, forty miles from Milan. There were thirteen children, of whom the eldest son has now become Pope.

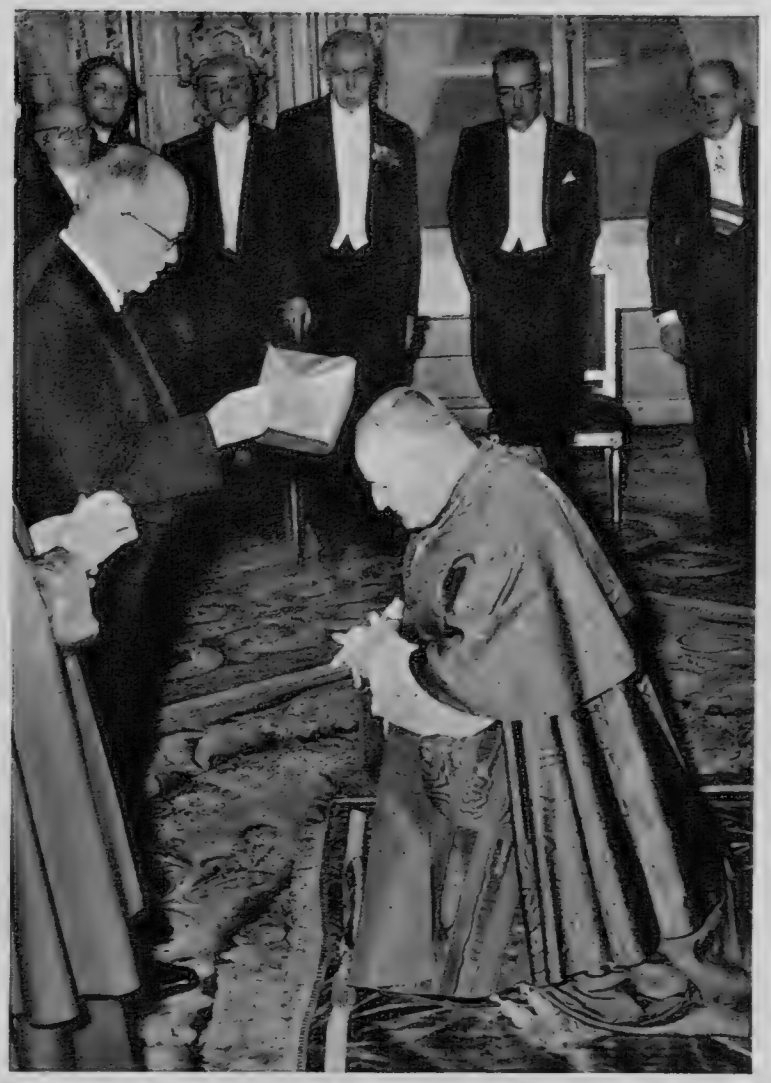
PATRIARCH OF VENICE: The Prelate gives a blessing from a tower overlooking a part of the city and the waterfront. Pope John XXIII has combined pastoral and diplomatic duties in his career. He has also been a theological tutor and author of a number of books on ecclesiastical history.

Above—

HOMAGE TO THE TEMPORAL POWER: An official of the Quirinal Palace in Rome helps Cardinal Roncalli into his cloak after he had taken the oath of allegiance in 1953 on his appointment as Patriarch of Venice to the President of Italy. When he ceremonially entered Venice along the Grand Canal his sense of humour won him the Gondoliers' devotion.

On right—

BLESSING THE GIPSIES: The first post-war Papal Nuncio to France officiates at the annual gipsy pilgrimage to Sainte Marie de la Mer, on the French Mediterranean coast. In his term of office in Paris, Pope John XXIII gained great prestige for his diplomatic handling of the situation which had arisen in the Roman Catholic Church in France after 1945.



RECEIVING HIS CARDINAL'S CAP: In January 1953, in Paris, M. Vincent Auriol, President of France at the time, places the cap upon the head of Cardinal Roncalli, who had just been appointed to the Sacred College by Pope Pius XII. A few days later the Cardinal left France to become Patriarch of Venice.

On left—

THE OLD AND THE NEW POPES: Pius XII is seen with Cardinal Roncalli (now John XXIII) during a visit of the latter to the Vatican. Much has been made of the difference in character and outlook of the two Popes. It is generally believed that John XXIII, with his reputation for delegating authority, will not concentrate quite so much power in his own hands as did his predecessor in the Vatican.

The World of Books

A WEEK OF BIOGRAPHY

A Comprehensive Study of Verlaine; the Enigmatic Mr. W. H.; Johnson and Boswell; Lawrence of Arabia; Heroines of the War; Miss Storm Jameson's Novel Heads the Recent Fiction

BIOGRAPHIES are written for all kinds of reasons and, often, for the simple but perfectly creditable one that an author thinks he could make a popular success out of a "life" of someone whose centenary it is, whose paintings or writings are coming back into popularity or whose career for some reason could have a topical application. Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson have had another approach to the subject and, since they are practised in this field, it is worth considering. VERLAINE—PRINCE OF POETS (Secker and Warburg. 30s.) is their new book. They have written it on this premise which, to me, is admirable: "Almost all biographies of Paul Verlaine," they say, "have praised the work and condemned the man. We find this attitude incomprehensible. . . . We believe that good can only come from good, greatness from greatness; good or great work from a man neither good nor great seems to us . . . a contradiction in terms."

With this idea to animate their work, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson have written a biography which is comprehensive (far more fully documented than anything I have read about Verlaine before), sympathetic and immensely interesting as a study of a nineteenth-century Frenchman, however much or little one has read of his poetry.

THE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. (Methuen. 15s.) is a charming edition of the story by Oscar Wilde about the identity of the figure mentioned in the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets. There was a theory as to this, one that disregarded or by-passed the scholars' claims for the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton in this connection, and that suggested one Will Hewes or Hughes, a young and good-looking actor in the theatrical company. Wilde himself became interested in this theoretical discussion and re-wrote the present story, greatly adding to his original version. It is edited and introduced here by Mr. Vyvyan Holland (Oscar Wilde's son) in a few lucid and helpful pages.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL—THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES (Heinemann. 21s.) is Mr. Hesketh Pearson's long but compendious tome on the famous friends and on their sharply differing backgrounds and careers. The one noble, in spite of all his eccentricities and behaviour; the other, ignoble, often despicable and one of the most brilliant recorders these islands have ever known. There is so much material in a study of Dr. Johnson alone that the author has had to exercise a natural selectiveness, but the book is nevertheless wonderfully meaty.

Another book on the enigmatical figure of Lawrence of Arabia has been written, this time by a French author, M. Jean Beraud Villars, whose T. E. LAWRENCE (Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s.) has been translated by Mr. Peter Dawnay. Since his death in the summer of 1935, thrown from his high-powered motor-cycle which was one of his delights, Lawrence has been a perpetual focus of interest and speculation. His retirement seemed extraordinary; his career had been—quite literally—fabulous, since so many fables were born from it. In his writings, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, for instance, he had given the reading public a series of shocks. M. Villars has not, to my mind, captured the original Lawrence here in all his oddities and extreme contradictions, but he has written intelligently of his career in several of its aspects.

The two books that follow show two different theatres of war, but they have in common the fact that both illustrate the vile brutality that is common currency in some types of warfare and the fantastic courage and optimism which women are capable of showing. DEATH BE NOT PROUD (Cresset Price. 21s.) is Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholas's record of seven women who served with the French section of the Special Operations Executive, were captured by the Germans and, after torture, either shot or burned alive. Their heroism was as great as any that has ever been known: their devotion to the duty for which they volunteered complete.

MISS MAY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is the story of another Englishwoman whom war affected less tragically but badly enough. Mr. Jerrard Tickell has written about someone he had met years before in Hungary, where she was to fall in love with and marry a Hungarian diplomat, be separated from him in the war and, in 1946, be kidnapped from her Budapest home to spend nearly ten years in Russian slave camps in the Arctic Circle. Repatriated to England, "Miss May," as she had come to be called in the various camps, met the author again; aged, with a crutch under one elbow, an incessant fear of being overheard but still indomitable and prepared to talk about her experiences. The result is a book of horrifying incidents, unquenchable spirit and a final impression of the vast pointlessness of Soviet cruelty.

The travellers are still, happily, with us and many of them seem to be as handy with a pen or a typewriter as with a kraal or an igloo. Colonel Laurens van der Post, who was born near what is usually called the Orange River and who knows Africa through both perception and experience, has written THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI (Hogarth Press. 18s.), a self-explanatory title but by no means an obvious treatment. He led an expedition last year into the Kalahari to find some of the Bushmen, who are the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa, found a community of them and used the search and the discoveries as the basis of a film for TV. The present book, intelligent, reflective, abstracted, is another by-product of the adventure.

RUSSIAN WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE: Boris Pasternak, whose novel *Doctor Zhivago* gained him the award, is seen near his home in a village outside Moscow. After he had accepted the prize, there was a campaign of vilification in the Russian Press. *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, the organ of the Soviet Writers' Union, announced his expulsion from the Union. He was formally deprived of his title of a "Soviet writer." Later, Pasternak sent a telegram to Sweden in which he refused the award.

SCHOOL-HOUSE IN THE ARCTIC (Bles. 21s.) is by Miss Margery Hinds, who went from the comparative mildness of Kentish weather to teach children in the Arctic regions of Canada, survived a winter and a summer or two and is still there among the Eskimoes on Baffin Island. Her book is fittingly instructive and composed with an appreciation of the fact that there is a world even if it is an icy one, outside the classroom walls.

Archdeacon R. V. H. Burne has written a history of CHESTER CATHEDRAL (S.P.C.K. 21s.) from the time of its founding by Henry VIII to the accession of Queen Victoria and, basing his research on the wealth of old manuscripts, records and even bills which still exist, has made a continuous narrative which will not only be of interest to students of ecclesiastical history. The Archdeacon has a far-from-ponderous style and his book reflects the story of one cathedral and the events of English history during the centuries the church has stood ready for worshippers.

ART INTO LIFE (Centaur Press. 30s.) is, frankly, an abstruse work, and except to those knowledgeably interested in the contemporary graphic arts, it will, as they say, take a bit of reading. Mr. Frank Avray Wilson is an *avant-garde* British painter himself and, to judge by the two coloured illustrations of his work included in the volume among many others, a provocative and fascinating one. His text makes a less immediate appeal but this, too, repays concentrated study.

First among the novels this week I would put without a shadow of doubt Miss Storm Jameson's A ULYSSES TOO MANY (Macmillan. 15s.). This story of Polish refugees in Nice, planning a review which will reach the eyes of some of their compatriots still at home; cynical, emotional, devious, enthusiastic but always closely concerned with each other in the tight little world of expatriates, has real nobility. I read it at that slow pace which is a tribute of appreciation and I recommend it as a work of high literary merit and most human compassion.

THE CAUTIOUS HEART (Hogarth Press. 13s. 6d.) is a subtle but not abstruse novel by Mr. William Sansom about a man who plays the piano in a fairly shabby club and there falls in love with a girl who brings him not only affection but a dreary, not too scrupulous man friend who seems to be an inescapable part of her life. Occasionally mannered but immensely readable.

Mr. Edgar Mittelholzer has produced another ebullient Barbadian novel with more emphasis on humour than before but the same candid interest in the complications and manifestations of sex. In THE WEATHER FAMILY (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) it takes much less than a hurricane to keep the group in question on the alert. They are barometer-tappers and rain-gauge-watchers to a man and some of this activity is responsible for good comedy. Basically, though, this is a drama and the author is most at his ease with the big dramatic effects.

ANECDOTES OF DESTINY (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) are tales from the pen of Isak Dinesen, one of the finest of living Scandinavian authors and a remarkable stylist who appears to follow no particular tradition either in method or in matter. These five long stories have something of the quality of legends and a haunting elegance.

Vernon Fane

WHEN GERMANY APED VERSAILLES

The Little Courts of Europe

Most of us can probably make a pretty shrewd guess what life was like in the small German courts two centuries ago, with the princes attempting to re-create the atmosphere of Versailles, its gaudy splendours and charming seductions. Everywhere there was an attempt to rival the Sun King, but in some of the states a single fête could swallow up a year's revenue in an evening. Karl Theodor of the Palatinate was a lavish spender on these sort of entertainments, and Karl Eugen of Württemberg was another; but here and there were a few profoundly dull and economical courts, notably that of Frederick II of Prussia. If the courts were often splendid in outward show, they were no less often barren of thought and worthwhile conversation. Adrien Fauchier-Magnan has not attempted a full-scale history of this period, but in THE SMALL GERMAN COURTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (Methuen. 32s.) he presents a glittering picture that is clearly the result of intensive research into a mass of published works on the subject long since out of print and forgotten. With an adroit use of anecdotes he takes us through the palaces, to the fêtes, the hunting parties and the great state balls, never dwelling very long in any one place, but steadily expanding the picture of an age which for all its vulgarity and nonsense yet remains intensely attractive.

Most assessments of the Stuart sovereigns have involved partisanship. Charles I, the noble martyr or political trickster, Charles II, playboy king and philanderer or great patriot and exponent of a strong navy, one can take one's choice among the historians. Dr. J. P. Kenyon has tried to leave partisanship behind in his study in English kingship THE STUARTS (Batsford. 25s.), and he has tried also to see the Stuarts as a family in terms of the human scale. Dr. Kenyon gets behind the masks of text-book history, and he makes us aware of some of the lesser-known traits of this rich and varied dynasty. Anne's aggressive domesticity and Mary's teapot cosiness provide entertaining vignettes, but it is in his portrayal of Charles I that Dr. Kenyon most succeeds. One could not ask for a more balanced or clear-cut picture.

Everyone who lived through those times remembers the headlong rush to the sea by the German Army in May 1940 following the dramatic break-through at Sedan. Here were blitz tactics at their most forceful, but what the world did not know at the time, but the Allied command knew full well, was the utterly precarious position of the Germans who had made this corridor through Amiens to the mouth of the Somme. In his authoritative book THE BATTLE OF FRANCE 1940 (Frederick Muller. 25s.) Colonel A. Goutard shows the situation in all its grim reality, with the Panzers leaping far ahead of the infantry, deserting their own bridgeheads for new ones farther west, and leaving no one to hold the line. What a tactical opportunity that was for the French, British and Belgian troops. Hitler knew it, and was well aware that a swift counterstroke could send Germany headlong to defeat. Colonel Goutard's book has the merit of being intensely factual, but it emerges as a pitiless diagnosis of the Allied weaknesses, and gives a clear-cut picture of what German opportunism achieved despite the vacillations of Hitler, who, faced with an annihilating victory, yet contrived to allow the British to escape from Dunkirk. The book has had a somewhat frigid reception in France, as it makes the army command, not the politicians, the scapegoats for all that occurred during those days.

THE COMPLEAT IMBIBER (Putnam. 25s.) has a strong Christmas flavour; it is indeed the sort of book that is meant to be given and should probably be new. lent. It is an easy-to-read collection of articles, tales, rhymes and generalities for anyone interested in th

"EXPERIENTIA DOCET"

I had perhaps expected Lord Montgomery's memoirs to be even more controversial. Their publication immediately after his retirement makes them controversial enough and gives a chance to his contemporaries whom he criticises, to suggest "errata." That he expected. All his life this great soldier has trailed his coat and spoken his mind, and the fact that he has proved his self-confidence so often justified and his prophecies right, has inured him to controversy and even jealousy.

THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY (Collins. 35s.) are autobiographical in form, but by no means balanced in time. Most of the book deals, rightly enough, with the Second World War and the lessons learned in the Cold War. There is rather more (not much) about his childhood and youth than about the First World War, which was for him a four-year and depressing course of instruction in how *not* to wage war. Accounts of battles are nearly always absorbingly interesting when written in lucid, soldierly style, and when these are written by the planner and only begetter whose antennae touched and guided the outposts and centre, the back areas and wings, at all material times, they are thrilling and instructive reading.

In this remarkable soldier, the peer of Marlborough and Wellington, there are diverse and contrasting elements, a little of Gordon and Baden-Powell, something of the scout leader, the schoolmaster, the showman and the spellbinder; the self-confidence that believes that "nobody else can"; the honesty and even humility that can disarm criticism. And because his supreme confidence almost always paid off, since, in the face of doubt and opposition from above, his battle plans so invariably succeeded, it would be odd if his theories on modern war and his nostrums for Western defence were not accorded the status of something like *Vox Dei*. But always the man who knows best must be prepared to be the subject of envy and must never fall down, or the wolves will rush in on him.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MOTHER

Louise of Gotha, Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, was a perhaps frivolous, certainly charming and reasonably intelligent, little Princess who was made an innocent victim of the licence and selfishness and dreary indulgence of petty German Courts. She never saw her beloved second son, Albert, after his third year, but he retained a sentimental affection for her all his life from his nursery memories. In THE LOST PRINCESS (Chapman and Hall. 18s.) Mrs. D. A. Ponsonby has written a slim, pleasant and ingenuous account of her career as wife (and divorcée) in the palaces and joy-houses of the Duchy in which the ceaseless and turgid round of pleasure was at once an escape and a substitute for political impotence. If, in childhood, Albert inherited some of her pleasant and volatile qualities, including a sense of humour, he shed many of them when he had buckled to his task as Queen Victoria's right-hand man. It is as difficult to believe that Albert in his forties was Louise's son as that he was the son of some Jewish lover of the Duchess.

But Mrs. Ponsonby proves one fact, if proof were needed. Political malice in her age stopped at nothing; neither reason, nor decency nor the sanctions of Law could prevent the foulest and most recklessly-gathered mud being thrown at and attaching to even young princesses of no importance.

Louise loved her husband through all his disloyalties and was faithful to him after her fashion. She was the victim of a system and fashion, both deplorable.

John Gore

all-absorbing subject. Edited by Cyril Ray and designed by F. H. K. Henrion, this second edition of a specialised form of bedside book is sumptuously produced. The impact of the whole volume is to a large extent visual, and very clever it is, too. Even the dust-jacket is reversible, though just why only Cyril Ray and the house of Putnam are likely to know.

Harry Harper, the journalist, will be a particularly familiar name to those in their '50's and '60's, but not to the teenagers. Pleasant memories are evoked of the good old days of *The Captain*, *Chums*, and the *B.O.P.*, the beginnings of flight and the emergence of motoring. Harper really began his career in 1906 when he was engaged by Lord Northcliffe to write exclusively on aviation. In FLYING WITNESS (Putnam. 25s.) Graham Wallace has produced a grand story based on Harper's personal recollections. Harper met most of the great pioneers of aviation, and the book teems with anecdotes about them.

Latest addition to the New Naturalist series is W. S. Bristowe's THE WORLD OF SPIDERS (Collins. 30s.). Mr. Bristowe is one of the many distinguished amateurs who have contributed so much to our natural history. He writes brilliantly, fluently and with enthusiasm, and his book is the product of years of close observation. Excellent line-drawings, half-tone and colour illustrations enhance the value of the text.

R. C. E.

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" AT SADLER'S WELLS

On left—

ON BOARD HIS SHIP: The Flying Dutchman (David Ward) stares over the side of his ship in the production of Wagner's opera at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in London. This production opened the 1958-59 opera season at the theatre and it was the first time *The Flying Dutchman* had been performed by the company. The plot tells how a Norwegian ship, captained by Daland, is driven into a fjord by a storm. A strange ship anchors alongside, whose captain is the Flying Dutchman. Every seven years he is allowed to land in search of a woman who will be faithful to him unto death. He offers Daland a chest full of riches in exchange for Daland's daughter. She is called Senta and is obsessed by the legend of the Flying Dutchman and vows she will be the one who is faithful unto death. In love with Senta is a young hunter called Eric. The Flying Dutchman and Senta meet and sing a strange love duet. Once more Eric pleads with Senta. The Dutchman, overhearing his eloquence, decides that Senta is unfaithful. In desperation Senta hurls herself off the cliff, the ship sinks and Senta and the Dutchman are reunited at last—under the sea.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH: The Flying Dutchman (David Ward) holds the hands of Senta, who is played by Elizabeth Fretwell.

LEADING ROLES IN WAGNER'S OPERA: From left to right are Harold Blackburn as Daland, the Norwegian captain; David Ward as the Dutchman, and William McAlpine as Eric. All three singers come from Scotland.

THE SPINNING SCENE: In Daland's house, Senta and her nurse, Mary (Anna Pollak), wait for the return of the Norwegian ship. Senta sings a ballad which relates the story of the Flying Dutchman and vows that she will be the woman who is faithful unto death. The translation used at Sadler's Wells is by Ernest Newman and the producer is Dennis Arundell.

REBUILDING AT ETON

Work on the New Roof of College Chapel and the Modernisation and Enlargement Programme

At Eton College, work progresses on extensive renovations of the old buildings, which have suffered the depredations of the death-watch beetle, the centuries and the weather. The college is asking for new subscriptions to its appeal fund, which was originally launched in 1950, to meet the heavy costs of this programme. Although the old buildings suffered damage, and Upper School had to be rebuilt after bombs fell on the college during the last war, the repairs necessitated by this are treated on a separate basis and have largely been paid for out of War Damage grants. But the planning of new accommodation and the maintenance of existing buildings has reached the stage of being more than that which the normal finances can allow.

The work in hand includes a completely new roof for the Chapel. Death watch-beetle damaged the old timber structure beyond repair. A new vaulted roof of stone was designed and before this was passed a model was made showing a section of the planned roof in position. When work started, all the old roof was removed and a temporary covering was built of corrugated iron. The Science Schools have been enlarged and modernised. A new top floor has been built on Godolphin House and there has been reconstruction work on Savile House. Work on the roof of Long Chamber, where death-watch beetle has eaten away the timbers, is being carried out as part of the normal maintenance programme.

A NEW ROOF: Workmen are engaged on the construction of a new roof for College Chapel at Eton. The structure (top) is a temporary roof made of corrugated iron. The old timber vaulted roof was damaged beyond repair by the ravages of the death-watch beetle.

On left—

A NEW FLOOR: Right is the new top floor to Godolphin House, built as part of the modernisation programme at Eton.

On right—

OVER THE ROOFTOPS: From a courtyard can be seen College Chapel with its temporary roof made out of corrugated iron.

AT WORK ON THE ROOF: On Long Chamber the lead covering which has been eroded by the weather is examined before work starts on its replacement. On the right is School Yard with, behind it, School Tower.

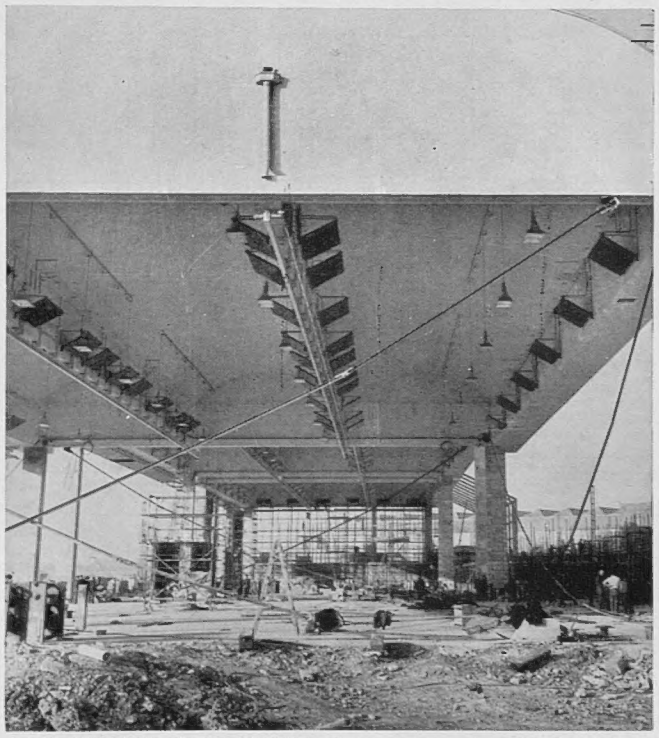
RESTORING THE STONEWORK: As part of the programme of renovation, the brick walls have been re-pointed and the stonework re-faced in the cloisters. The ravages of the weather and of the death-watch beetle have necessitated an extensive scheme of restoration for the old buildings at Eton.

A NEW ROAD VIADUCT IN LONDON: Known as Eynsham Bridge, the new viaduct was opened last week, at Abbey Wood, South-East London, by the Mayor of Woolwich. It carries the road over the railway, and is the main access to the London County Council's new Abbey Estate, which, when it is finished, will house about 2,700 families. The viaduct, which cost £220,000, serves not only as a traffic outlet, but also as a main conduit for water, gas, electricity and telephones. It is constructed of reinforced concrete and has seven arched spans, each 70 ft. long, surmounting groups of circular columns, 3 ft. in diameter. The total length of the bridge and approaches is 1,300 ft. and the roadway is 30 ft. wide.

NEW BRIDGES AND A NEW TYPE AIRCRAFT HANGAR

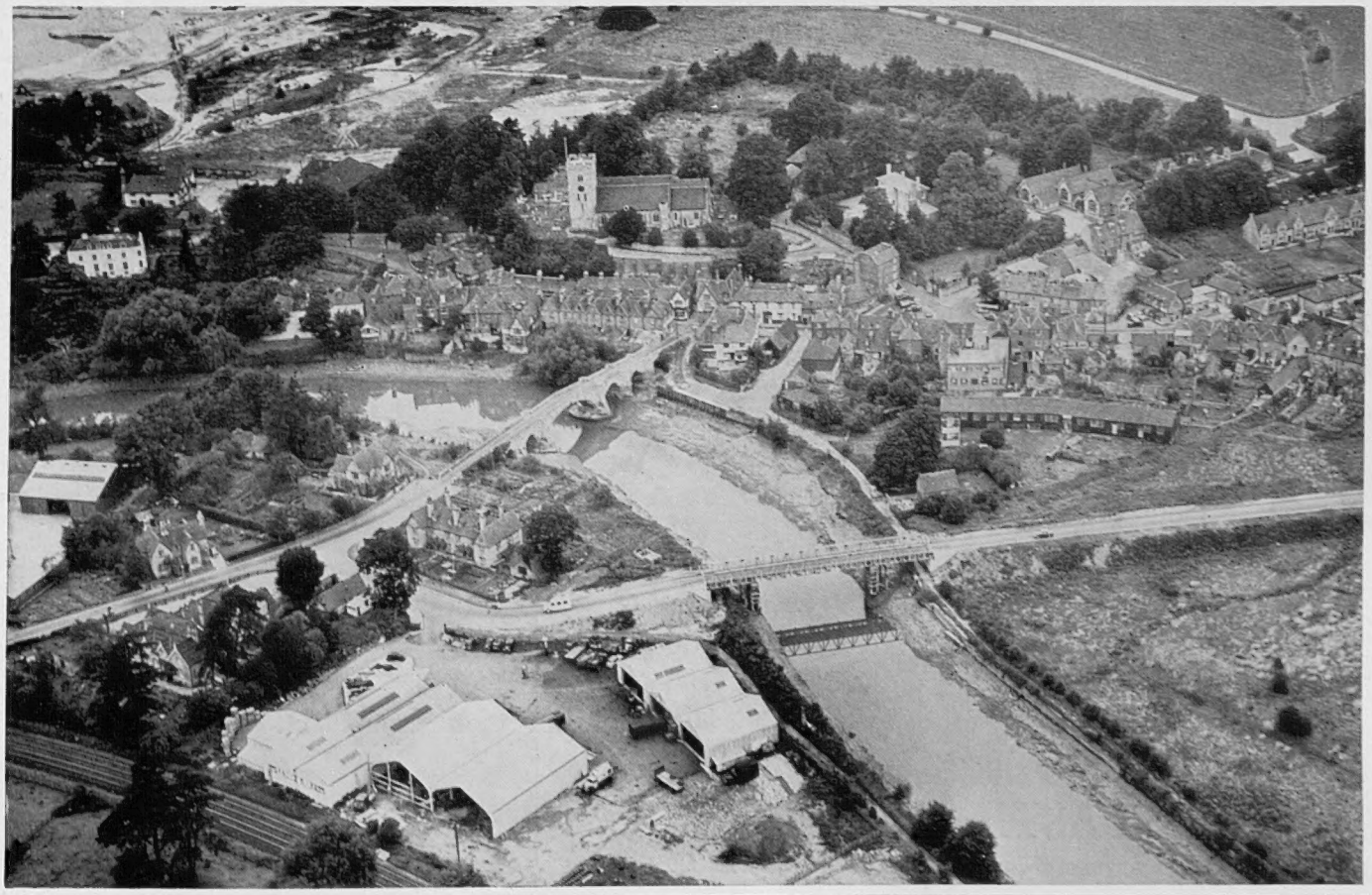
A New Viaduct in London; a Radical Method of Constructing an Aircraft Hangar; a New Bridge in Kent

A NOVEL METHOD OF BUILDING A HANGAR: Workmen sit at the base of one of the pillars supporting the pre-cast roof. In front of them are the jacks which lift the concrete column and the roof into position. On the right a workman prepares the next concrete block to be slipped into position on top of the jacks. The hangar was built to house Beverley transport aircraft at the Royal Air Force station at Abingdon, in Berkshire. A total of sixteen 200-ton hydraulic jacks was used to hoist the roof into position on concrete pillars placed at each corner. Each pre-stressed barrel-vault roof for the three main bays weighs 1,400 tons and is 180 ft. long by 120 ft. wide.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HANGAR: The pre-stressed roof is lifted into position. All the lighting and other services had already been built into the structure when the roof was cast on the ground.

On right—



A NEW BRIDGE IN AYLESFORD: In the Kent village, traffic congestion has been eased by the construction of another bridge (foreground) across the River Medway. The route through Aylesford is used as a by-pass to Maidstone. Both bridges are now one-way only, traffic proceeding into the village by one and leaving by the other.

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A WELSH SHRINE IS RESTORED

Re-dedication at the Church of St. Melangell, in Montgomeryshire

IN A REMOTE VALLEY IN MID-WALES: The little church at Pennant Melangell lies in a bowl in the Berwyn Range. Restoration of the church has just been completed and the stones of the shrine of St. Melangell have been removed from the walls and reassembled in their original shape in the Cell-y-bedd (Cell of the Grave) at the East End.

Yesterday (November 7) a large congregation was expected for the re-dedication of the Shrine of St. Melangell in the little church at Pennant Melangell, in the Tanat Valley of Montgomeryshire. The church itself has been restored and in the course of the work several finely-carved stones of considerable age were discovered in the walls. These were identified by experts as having been the fabric of the 600-year-old shrine. The pieces have been re-erected in their original position in the Cell-y-bedd, or Cell of the Grave, at the East End.

The story of St. Melangell is a Celtic legend. Brychwel, Prince of Powys, was one day hunting in the Pennant Valley when his hounds started a hare. The animal took refuge beneath the robe of a beautiful girl who was praying among the trees. There the hare crouched boldly, and the hounds fled away howling miserably. One of the Prince's followers, on raising his horn to his lips, found he was unable to blow it.

The girl told the Prince that she was the daughter of an Irish king and had left his court to avoid an unwelcome marriage. Her name was Monacella, which has become transformed in Celtic into Melangell. She had been living in the valley for many years. Brychwel was so impressed by her story that he gave her a grant of land. On it she founded a community of virgins, to whom many miracles were attributed in the ensuing years.

TWELFTH-CENTURY CARVING: The Rev. D. P. Wynne Williams, Vicar of Penybontfawr, of which parish Pennant Melangell is now a chapel of ease, examines one of the stones of the shrine.

PROTECTION FOR THE SHRINE: Workmen repair the roof over the shrine. St. Melangell is a patron saint of hares and of other hunted animals.

Mr. Ralegh Radford, the antiquarian who has made a special study of Pennant Melangell, puts the foundation of the community at about the end of the eighth century. The earliest part of the church he dates from the middle or end of the twelfth century. This is the period of the font and the shrine, which the church may very well have been built to house.

At the east end of the church in the Cell-y-bedd, Mr. Robert Heaton, the architect supervising the restoration, made an interesting discovery. Beneath the floor he unearthed some rough cobbling, a large tombstone with rough stones beneath it in the shape of a grave, and some bones. He also uncovered the foundations of the original twelfth-century church.

Whether or not the bones and the grave are those of St. Melangell herself must remain a matter of conjecture. But there is reason to suppose that the founder of the community, who later came to be regarded as a patron saint of hares and hunted animals, would have been buried in a special chapel. The bones have been reinterred where Mr. Heaton discovered them.

The builder of the church and shrine is believed to have been the great Welsh Chieftain Rhiridd Flaidd—Rhiridd the Wolf, Lord of Penllyn. The shrine's stones, which had apparently been placed in the walls in a Victorian restoration, are elaborately decorated, with fine scrolls predominating.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

A SPATE OF NURSERYMEN'S CATALOGUES is a reminder that one must look ahead not only as regards gardens but also in hotel planning. Christmas looms ahead. Where are we going to bed ourselves? Those young saplings, our children, will expect us to take them out at half-term. Where are we going to stay and take them out for meals? Also the problem of winter quarters may not yet be settled. We are not greenhouse plants, but we do want to be sure of an hotel where we are protected from the worst that the elements have in store for us. Like the nurserymen, we are constantly having to look ahead, so if we can help you on any hotel problem, please do not hesitate to write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope or, if abroad, international postage coupons.

Meanwhile, while anticipating your specific needs, we have picked out a few hotels which are evergreens in their popularity and can withstand all weather conditions.

So many Cornish hotels put up the shutters once the short St. Luke's summer is over that we are always glad to publicise a well-run hotel that keeps open the year round. Such is the Porth Avallen Hotel at Carlyon Bay, under the resident ownership of Laurence and Dot Cox. The former was, for some thirty years, in the Administrative Service of Nigeria while the latter is widely known as being mine hostess at the King's Head and Warren Lodge Hotels at Shepperton, in Middlesex.

In purchasing Porth Avallen they chose well, for Carlyon Bay enjoys a notably mild winter, the hotel—a country house with its own attractive grounds—is centrally heated throughout, whilst for those who do not relish the hazards of winter motoring—outside the Cornish Riviera, of course—there is a fast express direct rail service between Paddington and Par (two miles distant) which makes the journey in five hours.

What to do when you get there? An 18-hole golf course 400 yards from the front door; shark, salmon and trout fishing can be arranged in season, while in the appropriate months there is excellent bathing, yachting, riding, tennis and bowls.

To return to the winter months when most hotel seekers are after a comfortable home, either as residence, for convalescence, or to escape the bleakness of the North. For such, Porth Avallen fits in well to such a mental picture. Bedrooms are large and warm, the Club Room is exactly what it is called, a friendly place in which to forgather on winter nights, the catering and cellar are of a high standard and the Coxes go to a lot of trouble to provide those little personal touches which are so often lacking in bigger establishments.

Some people, once autumn has given way to winter, have a nostalgic feeling to be in or near London. The bright lights of shops and theatres, even the noise and bustle seem to help them to forget the weather. Here, then, is a new discovery to us which, as you read on, fills other varied needs.

Kent has always been rather a blank spot on our map, so the Bromley Court Hotel at Bromley is a welcome addition, not only because the City and West End are a mere 20 minutes' train journey away, but also because the situation, just off the A.21, is quiet (there is a pleasant garden with hard tennis court) and London's traffic problems are left behind.

Standing 200 ft. up, the majority of the bedrooms have unrestricted views; all are fitted with radio and telephones. Those rooms with central heating also have gas and electric fires; while downstairs there are two good lounges, a ballroom (useful for weddings and other functions) and a well-lit dining-room.

Miss Frenkel, the resident director, caters for permanent residents within reason and the hotel also attracts a considerable number of overseas visitors who find it convenient not only as an overnight stop for Dover, Folkestone and Lydd Airport, but also as a semi-permanent base for visiting London. Businessmen, too—we feel—will be glad to know of this quiet hotel which quotes partial inclusive terms, so easily reached from three stations.

A favourite sheltered corner of Devon for winter residents is the seaboard from Sidmouth to Exmouth. In the former, you need have no fear of winter at one of the following hotels: The Belmont, The Victoria, The Torbay, Royal Glen and Cedar Shade hotels. In Exmouth we still recommend with considerable confidence the Devoncourt, The Imperial (Trust House), The Seagull, and we have now added to our list The Royal Beacon, of which one of our regular readers wrote to us as follows: "I know you include several Exmouth hotels in your guide, but I would like to commend the Royal Beacon. The bedding is spotless, the service cheerful, and the food excellent—typical English fare. I spent a week-end there earlier this year and the charge for dinner, bed and breakfast was most reasonable." And so we found it early one February, and, more to our surprise, practically full of winter residents. What had attracted them there? Partly it was the points which had impressed our correspondent, but also they and we had found it sunny, warm, friendly, and so well located—close to everything and yet so aloof from traffic noise. Situated on that vantage point, the Beacon, the Royal Beacon Hotel has a wonderful panoramic view of the Devon coastline ranging from the Exe Estuary to Berry Head, the western extremity of Torbay.

The popularity of the Royal Beacon during autumn and winter never wanes, continues right through the spring into summer, when its reputation as a family hotel is such (children are always well cared for) that it is advisable to make one's reservations in January. Exmouth's reputation for sands, scenery and salubrity are such that the demand for school holiday accommodation invariably exceeds supply.

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